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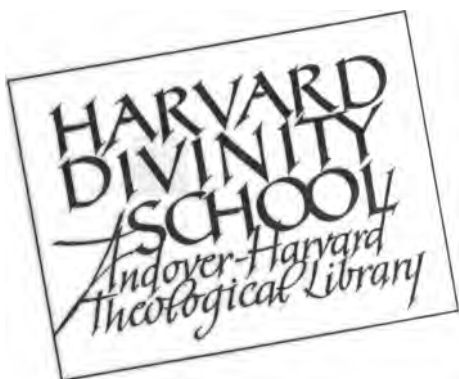
the 1990s, the number of people with a mental health problem has increased by 50% (Mental Health Foundation 1999). The prevalence of mental health problems has increased in the general population, and the incidence of mental health problems has increased in the prison population (Mental Health Foundation 1999).

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the mental health needs of prisoners. The Department of Health (1999) has published a strategy for mental health services, which includes a commitment to improve the mental health of prisoners. The Department of Health (1999) has also published a strategy for mental health services, which includes a commitment to improve the mental health of prisoners. The Department of Health (1999) has also published a strategy for mental health services, which includes a commitment to improve the mental health of prisoners. The Department of Health (1999) has also published a strategy for mental health services, which includes a commitment to improve the mental health of prisoners.

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H Y M N S

COMPOSED

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

WITH THE

AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCE,

THE

SUPPLEMENT AND APPENDIX.

By the Rev. JOSEPH HART,

LATE MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL IN
JEWIN STREET.

sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done
marvellous things; his right hand and his holy arm
hath gotten him the victory. PSALM XCVIII. 1.

A New Edition, carefully revised.

LONDON

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AND RICHARD BAYNES,
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1820 TO THE READER.

IN the second edition of my Hymns the Preface was omitted for several reasons, the chief of which were these.

I thought the account of my experience was sufficiently published and dispersed in the first edition and therefore there needed no repetition of it; especially as the book was now more adapted, by the addition of the Supplement, to public worship, where narratives of any kind are not very necessary: and as I was without apprehension that some ill use might be made of it, as there are several passages in it that may not suit the condition of many Christians. It was therefore to be feared that some foolish person might take liberty from it to turn the grace of God into lasciviousness: and that what was designed to display the infinite mercy of God to his children might be made, by the tempter's craft, an occasion of falling.

But the earnest and repeated inquiries that were made after the Preface, and the longing desire expressed for it, and (what was above all) the several accounts I received from serious Christians whom it had been much blessed, did at last

many calls of Providence, which I was unwilling to resist) prevail upon me to reprint it in the third edition; and for the same reasons it was judged proper to continue it.

I beseech Almighty God to make it further useful to his children, in making them see by it the riches of his free grace to the worst of men; which intent it was written. And let those who may be tempted thereby to tempt God, or to be deluded, in hopes of being so miraculously reclaimed, consider that the repentance to salvation given may not be given to them. I charge them, therefore, in the name of God, to beware of any such diabolical delusion; for they who say, 'Let us sin that grace may abound,' their damnation is just. And the damnation which men incur, by a presumptuous and wilful abuse and contempt of the Gospel, is worse than that of Sodom and Gomorrah; for our sin is a consuming fire.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

following Hymns were composed partly several passages of Scripture laid on my or opened to my understanding, from time to time by the Spirit of God, or else hinted to other Christians (of which latter there are but very few); partly from impressions under different frames of spirit at the times they were respectively written, and partly from spontaneous impulses or serious reflections on subjects as accidentally occurred to my mind.

There are also passages interspersed here and there that were written many years ago on various occasions, and now thought worthy, after long suppression, of being revived and brought into the light; but these likewise are very few.

The work was begun almost two years ago; but has been greatly impeded and often interrupted by the disorder and darkness of soul, afflictions and temptations of various kinds, and other hindrances. They are published not only in the same manner but almost in the same manner, in which they were first written: for, though they have undergone a cursory revision, and have been retouched, the alterations I have made are few, and are neither very numerous nor material. I therefore wholly to submit them, with myself, to the all-wise disposal of that God, the soul

enlivening influences of whose blessedness I often felt while they were composing. I would humbly wish it, that Jesus of Nazareth, the mighty God, the friend of sinners, would be pleased to make them in some measure (we mean as they are) instrumental in setting forth his glory, propagating and enforcing the truth of his gospel, cheering the hearts of his people, and exalting his inestimable righteousness, which alone the unworthy author desires for the whole of his salvation.

Though the rich displays of God's free reign grace and electing love to me, the sinner, may be seen, by an enlightened view of several parts of the compositions; and those of them in particular (No. 27, page 89, &c. 'The Author's own Confession') be witnessed, I shall nevertheless on the present occasion to make a public acknowledgement of God's unmerited favour to me, by giving a brief and summary account of the great things he hath done for me. I say, a brief and summary account, for a full and circumstantial detail of them would than fill an ample volume.

AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCE.

As I had the happiness of being born of believing parents, I imbibed the sound doctrines of the gospel from my infancy; nor was I without touches of heart, checks of conscience, and meltings of affections, by the secret strivings of God's Spirit with me while very young: but the impressions were not deep, nor the influences lasting, being frequently defaced and quenched by the vanities and vices of childhood and youth.

About the twenty-first year of my age I began to be under great anxiety concerning my soul. The spirit of bondage distressed me sore; though I endeavoured (as I believe most under legal convictions do) to commend myself to God's favor by amendment of life, virtuous resolutions, moral rectitude, and a strict attendance on religious ordinances. I strove to subdue my flesh by fasting, and other rigorous acts of penance and mortification; and whenever I was captivated by its lusts (which indeed was often the case) I endeavoured to reconcile myself again to God by sorrow for my faults; which, if attended with tears I hoped would pass as current coin with heaven and then I judged myself whole again, and to stand on equal terms with my foes, till the next fall, which generally succeeded in a short time.

In this uneasy restless round of sinning and repenting, working and dreading, I went on for above seven years; when, a great domestic affliction befalling me (in which I was a moderate sufferer, but a monstrous sinner), I began to

deeper and deeper into conviction of my n
 evil, the deceitfulness and hardness of my
 the wickedness of my life, the shallowness
 Christianity, and the blindness of my de
 I saw that I was in a dangerous state, an
 I must have a better religion than I had
 perience before I could with any proprie
 myself a Christian. How did I now long
 the merits of Christ applied to my soul
 Holy Spirit ! How often did I make my str
 efforts to call God *my God* ! But alas ! I
 no more do this than I could raise the de
 found now, by woeful experience, that fai
 not in my power ; and the question with m
 was, not whether I *would* be a Christian
 but whether I *might* ; not whether I shou
 pent and believe ; but whether God would
 me true repentance and a living faith.

After some weeks passed in this gloomy
 ful state, the Lord was pleased to comfort
 little by enabling me to appropriate, in
 measure, the merits of the Saviour to m
 soul. This comfort increased for some
 and my understanding was also wonderful
 minated in reading the Holy Scriptures, so
 could see Christ in many passages where
 I little imagined to find him, and was encou
 to hope I had an interest in his merits an
 benefits by him procured to his people.

In this blessed state my continuance w
short ; for, rushing impetuously into noti
beyond my experience, I hasted to make
Christian by mere doctrine, adopting
opinions before I had tried them ;
and a great light in religion, disrega

al work of grace begun in my soul by the Holy Ghost. This liberty, assumed by myself, not given by Christ, soon grew to libertinism : which I took large progressive strides, and added to a dreadful height both in principle and practice. In a word, I ran such dangerous lengths, both of carnal and spiritual wickedness, that I outwent professed infidels, and shocked the religious and profane with my horrid blasphemies and monstrous impieties. Hardness of heart, with me, a sign of good confidence ; carelessness went for trust, empty notions for great wit, a seared conscience for assurance of faith, I rash presumption for Christian courage.

My actions were in a great measure conformed to my notions ; for, having (as I imagined) obtained by Christ a liberty of sinning, I was resolved to make use of it ; and thought the more I could sin without remorse, the greater hero I was in faith. A tender conscience I deemed weakness ; prayer I left for novices and bigots ; a broken and contrite heart was a thing too weak and legal for me to approve, much more to desire. Not to dwell on particulars, I shall only say (what, though shocking to hear, is too true) that I committed *all uncleanness with greediness*. In this abominable state I continued, a loose scoundrel, an audacious apostate, a bold-faced atheist, for nine or ten years, not only committing sin of lewdness myself, but infecting others with the poison of my delusion. I published several treatises on different subjects, chiefly translations of *ancient heathens* ; to which I prefixed prefaces and *subjoined notes* of a pernicious tendency ; and secured a freedom of thought far unbecom-

Christian. But God, who is rich whose grace is like himself, almighty together give me up to hardness and I felt, from time to time, meltings of inward compunction; and had a secret torment (which often rose above my grief) that I should not always go on in this manner, and run as reprobate to

About seven or eight years ago I began to reform a little, and to live in a more orderly manner. And now, as I have a form of sound words, and held the doctrine of free grace, justification by faith, and other orthodox tenets, I was tolerably confident of my state; especially as I added that other requisite, a moral behaviour, though I, though I have been formerly wild and profane, yet, as I am now reformed, only sound in principles, but sober in practice, I cannot but be in the favour of God.

For several years I went on in a smooth, and indolent manner, with a very insipid kind of religion, yet not without secret whispers of God's love, and of His grace, and now and then warm accessions in private prayer. But alas! all was not whole; the fountains of my sinful nature were not broken up; therefore conscious that the wrath of God was against me, especially those scriptures which represent the children of God as a mourning, broken-hearted people. *Characteristics* I was destitute; nor was Christ effectually applied to my

his death indeed as the grand sacrifice for sin and always thought on him with respect and reverence; but did not see the inestimable value of his blood and righteousness clearly enough to make me abhor myself, and count all things else but dung and dross. On the contrary, when I used to read the Scriptures (which I now did constantly both in English and the original languages), though my mind was often affected, and my understanding illuminated, by many passages that testified of the Saviour; yet I was so far from being or owning that there was such a necessity for his death, and that it could be of such infinite value as is represented, that I have often resolved (at the horrible depth of man's fall, and the desperate wickedness of the human heart!) that I never would believe it; and have been tempted to tell God himself that he could not make me, without injuring my reason, and imposing on my understanding by downright violence and perverse power.

About three or four years ago I fell into a deep stupor of mind, because I had never experienced grand revelations and miraculous discoveries. I was very melancholy, and shunned all company, walking pensively alone, or sitting in private, and bemoaning my sad and dark condition, having a friend in the world to whom I could communicate the burden of my soul; which was so heavy, that I sometimes hesitated even to take necessary food. But after many a gloomy and painful hour spent in solitude and sorrow, notwithstanding strong and frequent cries and tears to him, and beseeching him to reveal himself to me in a clearer manner, I thought he asked me

the midst of one of my prayers, Whether chose the visionary revelations of which formed some wild idea, or to be content withing to the low despised mystery of a common man? I was enabled to prefer the latter; great comfort in expecting the future of my choice.

But gloom of mind and dejection still frequently overwhelmed me: from used to be relieved by pouring out my Christ, and beseeching him, with cries and and tears, to reveal himself to me; praying same time it might be done without pain was so much a coward, that I preferred every other consideration. I was often aided by such portions of scripture as these: *I come quickly; and my reward is with me which thou hast already hold fast till I come* latter of these I closed my hands fast, and I would sooner part with every drop of blood let go the hopes I already had in a cruci viour; and to the former I used to repeat considering the words, *My reward is with me* "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." For, I expected some sore visitation, yet but that Christ would bring strength and power to him, I waited, and longed for his coming.

The week before Easter, 1757, I had an amazing view of the agony of Christ in the garden as I know not well how to describe. I was in wonder and adoration; and the impression was too deep, I believe, ever to be obliterated. I shall say no more of this; but only remark notwithstanding all that is talked about the sufferings of Jesus, none can know any thing

Holy Ghost; and I believe, he that knows but very little. It was upon this first part of Hymn I. *On the Passion*; never, I afterwards mutilated and al-

to be often terribly cut down with those *d cast ye the unprofitable servant into cess; there shall be weeping and gnashing* (att. xxv. 30); which sometimes sunk to utter despair; and then again I used to be comforted. At length despair began to lift its dreadful head against me; hopes grew fainter; fears stronger; which latter were increased by a faithful letter I received from a friend, so run great lengths of impiety with me that I was now reclaimed. The convictions I was under were not like those legal ones I had formerly felt, but far worse, horrid expression. I looked on myself as a sinner; one that had trampled under foot the blood of Jesus, and from whom there remained no sacrifice for sin. I shall not enlarge here, rather to suppress than exaggerate; as I shall stress on my own sufferings, or those of any other man, except the man Christ Jesus: what I felt was very grievous; for so deep was my despair, that I found in me a kind of conviction I might only be damned with the condemnation of transgressors of God's law.

I thought the hottest place in hell must be my portion. All the evangelical promises were no longer comforting me, that they were my encouragements, because they would only increase my condemnation.

My distress and anguish of soul was likewise

attended with great infirmity of body. One day I was waked with intolerable pain, as if of fire were burning my reins. Amidst this cruciating torture, which lasted near an hour, of the first things I thought on was the side of Jesus, and what pain of body, as soul, he underwent. Soon after this fiery trial was seized in the evening with a cold shiver, which I concluded to be the icy damp of hell, and that after that must come everlasting damnation. In this condition I went to my bed, but could not close my eyes, even when nature was overcharged, lest I should awake in hell.

While these horrors remained I used to go backward and forwards to places of religious worship, especially to the Tabernacle in the fields, and the chapel in Tottenham Court Road; indeed I received some comfort, which, though little, was then highly prized, because much needed: but in the general almost everlastingly served only to condemn me, to make me more sensible of my own backslidings, and envy those children of God who had continued to walk honestly ever since their first conversion. Notions of religion were not able to teach me—I had doctrine enough, but found by woeful experience, that dry doctrine though ever so sound, will not sustain a man at the day of trial.

In this sad state I went moping about (as I could was next to a miracle), having some hope at the bottom under all, which now almost *would glimmer*, but was soon overwhelmed *with clouds of horror*, till Whitsunday 1757 happened to go in the afternoon to the chapel in Fetter Lane, where I had

l times before. The minister preached on these words, *Because thou hast kept the word of my promise, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon earth.* Rev. III. 10. Though short, and most of what was said on it, seemed to be greatly against me, yet I listened with much attention, and felt myself deeply impressed by it. When it was over I thought of hastening to Totnam-Court chapel; but, presently altering my mind, returned to my own house.

As I was hardly got home when I felt myself melt away into a strange softness of affection, which made me fling myself on my knees before God. All my terrors were immediately dispelled, and such peace and comfort flowed into my heart as no words can paint. The Lord by his Spirit of love came, not in a visionary manner into my brain, but with such divine power and energy into my soul, that I was lost in blissful amazement. I cried, "What wilt thou do to me, Lord?" His Spirit answered in mercy, *Yes, thee.* I objected; "But I have been so speakably vile and wicked." The answer was, *I pardon thee fully and freely. Thy own goodness (for I had now set about a thorough amendment, if peradventure I might be spared) cannot condemn thee, nor shall thy wickedness damn thee. I undertake to work all thy works in thee and for thee; to bring thee safe through all.* The alteration I felt in my soul was as sudden and palpable as that which is experienced by a person staggered and almost sinking, under a burden, when it is immediately taken from his shoulders. Tears *like streams* from my eyes for a considerable time; and I was so swallowed up in joy and

fulness, that I hardly knew where I was; my soul willingly into my Saviour's keeping at his feet, wholly resigned, and only begging that I might, if he was so pleased to permit it, be of some service to his church and people.

Thenceforth I enjoyed sweet peace in my mind, and I had such clear and frequent manifestations of his love to me, that I longed for no other happiness; my former horrors were banished, and have not, I think, returned since with equal violence. And, though I can see little signs as yet of his granting my request concerning usefulness; * though I am still barren of good, and full of evil; though many sore trials and temptations in my soul; yet it pleases the Lord to reveal himself often to open the mysteries of his cross, and give me trust in his precious blood.

Not long after this my—shall I call it *repression*? I was terribly infested with thoughts monstrously obscene and blasphemous, which cannot be spoken, nor so much as hinted; I do not believe such as hardly ever entered into the mind of any other man; though I am sensible that all of God's children are sometimes attacked in this manner: but mine were foul and blasphemous, and seemed to be the masterpieces of hell. They haunted me some months; they made me weep bitterly, and cry earnestly to God to remove them; which at last he did to do in a great measure; though they are returning still, like intruding visitants.

* *Note, This was written before I called to the Ministry.*

ermitted to come with much power. In
 I feel myself now as poor, as weak, as help-
 and dependent, as ever ; but now my weak-
 s my greatest strength ; I now rejoice,
 I rejoice with trembling.
 on began to be visited by God's Spirit in a
 nt manner from what I had ever felt before.
 constant communion with him in prayer.
 offerings, his wounds, his agonies of soul,
 mpressed upon me in an amazing manner.
 believed my name was sculptured deep in
 ord Jesus's breast, with characters never to
 sed. I saw him with the eye of faith, stoop-
 der the load of my sins ; groaning and gro-
 ; in Gethsemane for me. The incarnate
 was more and more revealed to me ; and I
 r other notions of his sufferings than I had
 ained before. Now I saw that the grief of
 was the grief of my Maker ; that his wounds
 he wounds of the Almighty God ; and the
 drop of his blood now appeared to me more
 le than ten thousand worlds. As I had
 thought his sufferings *too little*, they now
 red to me to be *too great* ; and I often cried
 transports of blissful astonishment, " Lord,
 o much, 'tis too much ; surely my soul was
 orth so great a price." I had also such a spirit
 pathetic love to the Lord Jesus given me,
 after I had left off to sorrow for myself, for
 months I grieved and mourned bitterly for
 I looked on him whom I had pierced, and felt
 arp compunction, mixt at the same time with
 h compassion, that the pain and pleasure
 ced are much better felt than express
 Christ, and he crucified, is now the

thing I desire to know. In that in are contained all the rich treasure dom. This is the mark towards pressing forward. This is the cup which I wish to drink deeper and is the knowledge in which I long desire at the same time a daily increase of grace and godliness. All duties, nances, &c. are to me then only are enriched with the blood of the parison of which all things else are husks.

PHARISAIC ZEAL, and ANTINOMY, are the two engines of Satan grinds the church in all ages, as be and the nether millstone. The them is much narrower and bar most men imagine. It is a path wh eye hath not seen ; and none can the Holy Ghost. Here let no one tions of his own heart, or of any by being warned to shun the one against the other. The distinction man to discern ; therefore let the direction of his God. These two sters continually worry and pe nor is the former, though app shape, one whit less, but (if possi to me than the latter. Therefore derful dealings of God towards to draw the following observation :

On the one hand I would observe *not of him that willeth, nor of him that sheweth mercy*—*Th*
a Christian but he that made th

is the glory of God to bring good out of evil—That whom he loveth he loveth unto the end—That, though all men seek, more or less, to recommend themselves to God's favour by their works, yet to *him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness*—That the blood of the Redeemer, applied to the soul by his Spirit, is the one thing needful—That prayer is the task and labour of a Pharisee, but the privilege and delight of a Christian—That God grants not the requests of his people because they pray; but they pray because he designs to answer their petitions—That self-righteousness and legal holiness rather keep the soul from, than draw it to Christ—That they, who seek salvation by them, pursue shadows, mistake the great end of the law, and err from the way, the truth, and the life—That God's design is to glorify his Son alone, and to debase the excellence of every creature—That no righteousness besides the righteousness of Jesus (that is, the righteousness of God) is of any avail towards acceptance—That to be a moral man, a zealous man, a devout man, is very short of being a Christian—That the eye of faith looks more to the blood of Jesus than to the soul's victory over corruptions—That the dealings of God with his people, though similar in the general, are nevertheless so various, that there is no chalking out the paths of one child of God by those of another; no laying down regular plans of Christian conversion, Christian experience, Christian usefulness, or Christian conversation—That the will of God is the only standard of right and good—That *the sprinkling of the blood of a crucified Saviour*

the conscience by the Holy Ghost, without which the most abstemious discipline is unholy—Lastly, holiness, with every other blessing, chase of the Redeemer's blood ; and right to bestow them on whom he will, in manner and in such a measure as he pleases, though the spirit in all men lusteth.

On the other hand I would observe, is not so easy to be a Christian as so to think—That for a living soul, to see Christ alone, when he sees nothing but evil and sin, is an act as supernatural as to walk the sea—That mere doctrine so sound, will not alter the heart ; that to turn from one set of tenets to another is not Christian conversion—That, as Lazarus coming out of his grave, and being self restored to life, differed from those who saw the miracle, or believed the fact, so great is the difference between a real coming out of himself, and having righteousness of Christ imputed to him by the faith of God's elect, and a man's believing the doctrine of imputed righteousness, when he sees it contained in scripture, or assents to the truth of it when proposed to his understanding and to others—That a whole-hearted discipline, without little communion with a beloved Lord—That *if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his*—That a prayerless heart is as necessary and as natural to a *natural man*—That the usual way to heaven is through much tribulation.

drawn to Christ is not he that has learnt
 is a sinner by head knowledge, but that
 nself such by heart contrition—That he
 lieveth hath an unction from the Holy
 hat a true Christian is as vitally united to
 s my hand or foot to my body; conse-
 suffers and rejoices with him—That a
 talks and converses with God—That a
 th can no more cherish the soul than a dead
 can perform the functions of life—That
 ere is true faith there will be obedience
 fear of God—That he that lives by the
 the Son of God eateth his flesh and
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, and he that hath not the Son of God hath
 —That many imagine themselves great
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 —That faith, like gold, must be tried in
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 and yet be dead; or to be forced to fly
 arious refuge to the conjectural scheme
 rsal salvation, with those who hope to be
 ecause they think there will be none lost.
 ny own part, I confess myself a sinner
 id, though I am not much tempted to out-
 as acts of iniquity, yet inward corrup-
 spiritual wickedness continually harass

and preplex my soul, and often make me cry out, *O wretched man that I am ; who shall deliver me from the body of this death !* From me they are not yet removed ; though I once hoped, with many others, that I should soon get rid of them. All I can do is to look to Jesus through them all ; cling fast to his wounded side ; long to be clothed with his righteousness ; pray him to plead my cause against these spiritual enemies that rise up against me ; and, though I feel myself leprous from head to foot, believe that I am clean through the word which he hath spoken unto me. In short, I rejoice, not because the spirits are always subject to me (for, alas ! I find they are often too strong for me to control), but because my name is written in heaven.

I am daily more and more convinced that the promises of God to his people are absolute ; and desire to build my hopes on the free electing love of God in Christ Jesus to my soul before the world began, which I can experimentally and feelingly say he hath delivered from the lower hell. He hath plucked me as a brand out of fire. Though my ways were dreadfully dangerous to the last degree, his eye was all along me for good. He hath excited me to love by forgiving me much. He hath shewed, and still daily shews me, the abominable enmity and pride of my heart, and the unfathomable depths of his mercy ; how far I have fallen, and how much it cost him of sweat and blood to bring me up. He hath proved himself more than I, and his goodness superior to my unworthiness. He gives me to know that without him I can do nothing.

enables me to believe it) that I am all there is no spot in me. Though an enemy, he calls me his friend; though a traitor, he though a beggared prodigal, he clothes me in the best robe, and has put a ring of endearment and mercy on my hand. And, though often sorely distressed by spiritual internal conflicts, tormented, and bowed down almost to the earth, with the sense of my own present barrenness, ingratitude, and proneness to evil, he shews me his bleeding wounds; and softly and powerfully, whispers to my soul, *I am thy Salvation.*

Free distinguishing grace is the bottom on which I have fixed the rest of my poor weary tempted soul. In this I ground my hope, oftentimes when shaken by any other evidence, save only the spirit of adoption received from him. He has chosen me out from everlasting, in whom I have known the inexhaustible riches of his love and long suffering. Though I am a stranger to others, and a wonder to myself, yet I am known of him, or rather am known of him. Though I am poor myself, I am rich enough in him. When my empty, barren soul is parched with thirst, he bids me come to him, and drink my fill until my head is full. In a word, he empowers my faith, with experimental evidence, *Where I was dead, grace did much more abound.* Amen.

1759.

DEDICATION.

**ESUS, JEHOVAH, Lord of heav'n an
to whom I owe my first and second bin
Whose hands first form'd me, and wl
cious blood**

**Redeem'd my soul, and gives me peace v
My faithful Friend, my Father reconcil'
Accept an off'ring from thy feeble chil
Whose helpless hand this token, mean
Would fondly give to thee, who giv'st
Take both the gift and giver to thy c
May both thy bounty and thy love d
By thee be both directed to fulfil
The holy counsels of thy heav'nly w**

H Y M N S.



1

On the Passion.

- 1 **C**OME, all ye chosen saints of God,
That long to feel the cleansing blood,
In pensive pleasure join with me,
To sing of sad Gethsemane.
- 2 Gethsemane, the olive-press !
(And why so call'd let Christians guess)
Fit name ! fit place ! where vengeance strove,
And grip'd and grappled hard with love.
- 3 'Twas here the Lord of life appear'd
And sigh'd, and groan'd, and pray'd, and fear'd ;
Bore all incarnate God could bear,
With strength enough, and none to spare.
- 4 The pow'rs of hell united prest,
And squeez'd his heart, and bruise'd his breast
What dreadful conflicts rag'd within,
When sweat and blood forc'd thro' the skin !
- 5 Dispatch'd from heav'n an angel stood,
Amaz'd to find him bath'd in blood !
Ador'd by angels, and obey'd ;
But lower now than angels made !

- 6 He stood to strengthen, not to fight :
Justice exacts its utmost mite.
This victim vengeance will pursue:
He undertook, and must go through.
- 7 Three favour'd servants, left not far,
Were bid to wait and watch the war.
But, Christ withdrawn, what watch we kept
To shun the sight, they sunk to sleep.
- 8 Backwards and forwards thrice he ran,
As if he sought some help from man ;
Or wish'd, at least, they would condole
('Twas all they could) his tortur'd soul.
- 9 Whate'er he sought for, there was none ;
Our Captain fought the field alone :
' Soon as the Chief to battle led,
That moment every soldier fled.
- 10 Mysterious conflict ! dark disguise !
Hid from all creatures' peering eyes.
Angels astonish'd view'd the scene,
And wonder yet what all could mean.
- 11 O mount of olives, sacred grove !
O garden, scene of tragic love !
What bitter herbs thy beds produce !
How rank their scent, how harsh their juice
- 12 Rare virtues now these herbs contain ;
The Saviour suck'd out all their baue.
My mouth with these if conscience cram
I'll eat them with the paschal Lamb.
- 13 *O Kedron, gloomy brook, how foul
Thy black polluted waters roll ;*

No tongue can tell (but some can taste)
The filth that into thee was cast.

14 In Eden's garden there was food
Of ev'ry kind for man, while good ;
But, banish'd thence, we fly to thee,
O garden of Gethsemane !

PART II.

1 **A**ND why, dear Saviour, tell me why
Thou thus would'st suffer, bleed, and die ?
What mighty motive could thee move ?
The motive's plain—'twas all for love !

2 For love of whom ? Of sinners base !
A harden'd herd, a rebel race ;
That mock'd and trampled on thy blood,
And wanton'd with the wounds of God.

When rocks and mountains rent with dread,
And gaping graves gave up their dead,
When the fair sun withdrew his light,
And hid his head to shun the sight ;

Then stood the wretch of human race,
And rais'd his head, and shew'd his face ;
Gaz'd unconcern'd, when nature fail'd,
And scoff'd, and sneer'd, and curs'd and rail'd !

Harder than rocks and mountains are,
More dull than dirt and earth by far,
Man view'd unmov'd thy blood's rich stream,
Nor ever dreamt it flow'd for him.

*Such was that race of sinful men,
That gain'd that great salvation then :*

Such, and such only, still we see:
Such they were all, and such are we.

The Jews with thorns his temples crown
And lash'd him when his hands were bound
But thorns, and knotted whips, and
By us were furnish'd to their hands.

8 They nail'd him to th' accursed tree:
They did, my brethren; so did we.
The soldier pierc'd his side, 'tis true
But we have pierc'd him thro' and thro'

9 O love of unexampled kind!
That leaves all thought so far behind
Where length, and breadth, and depth,
height,
Are lost to my astonish'd sight.

10 For love of me the Son of God
Drain'd ev'ry drop of vital blood.
Long time I after idols ran;
But now my God's a martyr'd man!

2

Unsettledness.

1 **L**ORD, what a riddle is my soul
Alive when wounded, dead yet whole
Fondly I flee from pain, yet ease
Cannot content, nor pleasure please

2 Thou ~~and~~ at thy face, my sins and
World, flesh, and Satan, all are

Fain would I find my God, but fear
The means perhaps may prove severe.

3 If thou the least displeasure shew,
And bring my vileness to my view ;
Tim'rous and weak I shrink, and say,
" Lord, keep thy chast'ning hand away."

4 If reconcil'd I see thy face,
Thy matchless mercy, boundless grace ;
Tortur'd with bliss, I cry, " Remove
" That killing sight ; I die with love."

5 My dear Redeemer, purge this dross ;
Teach me to hug and love the cross :
Teach me thy chast'ning to sustain,
Discern the love, and bear the pain ;

6 Nor spare to make me clearly see
The sorrows thou hast felt for me.
If death must follow, I comply ;
Let me be sick with love, and die.

3

The doubting Christian.

1 **I**F unbelief's that sin accurst,
Abhorr'd by God above,
Because, of all opposers worst,
It fights against his love ;

2 How shall a heart that doubts like mine,
Dismay'd at ev'ry breath,
Pretend to live the life divine,
Or fight the fight of faith ?

- 3 Conscience accuses from within,
And others from without;
I feel my soul the sink of sin,
And this produces doubt.
- 4 When thousand sins of various dyes,
Corruptions dark and foul,
Daily within my bosom rise,
And blacken all my soul;
- 5 I groan, and grieve, and cry, and call
On Jesus for relief;
But, that delay'd, to doubting fall,
Of all my sins the chief.
- 6 Such dire disorders vex my soul,
That ill engenders ill;
And, when my heart I feel so foul
I make it fouler still.
- 7 In this distress, the course I take
Is still to call and pray,
And wait the time when Christ shall say
And drive my foes away.
- 8 For that blest hour I sigh and pant,
With wishes warm and strong;
But, dearest Lord, lest these should fail
Oh! do not tarry long.

4

To the Holy Ghost.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise:
*Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.*

- 2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heav'nly Paraclete;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flames
Of never-dying love.
- 4 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 5 Shew us that loving man
That rules the courts of bliss,
The Lord of hosts, the mighty God,
Th' eternal Prince of peace.
'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.
If thou, celestial Dove,
Thine influence withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall
To conscience, wrath, and law!
No longer burns our love;
Our faith and patience fail;
Our sin revives; and death and hell
Our feeble souls assail.
Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

Another.

BLEST Spirit of truth, eternal God,
 Thou meek and lowly Dove,
 Who fill'st the soul, thro' Jesu's blood,
 With faith, and hope, and love;

Who comfortest the heavy heart,
 By sin and sorrow prest;
 Who to the dead canst life impart,
 And to the weary rest;

3 Thy sweet communion charms the soul,
 And gives true peace and joy,
 Which Satan's pow'r cannot control,
 Nor all his wiles destroy.

4 Come from the blissful realms above;
 Our longing breasts inspire
 With thy soft flames of heav'nly love
 And fan the sacred fire.

5 Let no false comfort lift us up
 To confidence that's vain;
 Nor let their faith and courage droop
 For whom the Lamb was slain.

6 Breathe comfort where distress abides
 Make the whole conscience clear
 And heal, with balm from Jesu's side
 The fest'ring sores of sin.

7 Vanquish our lusts; our pride restrain
 Take out the heart of stone;
 Shew us the Father's boundless love
 And merits of the Son.

he Father sent the Son to die ;
The willing Son obey'd ;
he witness Thou to ratify
The purchase Christ has made.

6

Another.

DESCEND from heav'n celestial Dove ;
With flames of pure seraphic love
Our ravish'd breasts inspire.
ountain of joy, blest Paraclete,
'arm our cold hearts with heav'nly heat,
And set our souls on fire.

reathe on these bones, so dry and dead ;
hy sweetest, softest influence shed
In all our hearts abroad ;
oint out the place where grace abounds ;
irect us to the bleeding wounds
Of our incarnate God.

onduct, blest guide, thy sinner-train
o Calv'ry, where the Lamb was slain,
And with us there abide ;
et us our lov'd Redeemer meet,
Veep o'er his pierced hands and feet,
And view his wounded side.

rom which pure fountain if thou draw
Water to quench the fiery law,
And blood to purge our sin,
Ve'll tell the Father, in that day ;
And thou shalt witness what we say)
" We're clean, just God, we're clean.

5 Teach us for what to pray, and ho
 And, since, kind God, 'tis only tho
 The throne of grace canst move
 Pray thou for us ; that we thro' fa
 May feel th' effects of Jesu's death
 Thro' faith that works by love.

6 Thou, with the Father and the Son
 Art that mysterious Three in One,
 God blest for evermore,
 Whom, tho' we cannot comprehen
 Feeling thou art the sinner's friend
 We love thee, and adore.

7

Christ very God and Man

1 **A** Man there is, a real man,
 With wounds still gaping wide
 (From which rich streams of blood
 In hands, and feet, and side.

2 ('Tis no wild fancy of our brains,
 No metaphor we speak ;
 The same dear man in heav'n now
 That suffer'd for our sake.)

3 This wondrous man, of whom we t
 Is true Almighty God :
 He bought our souls from death at
 The price, his own heart's blood

4 That human heart he still retains,
 Tho' thron'd in highest bliss ;
And feels each tempted ment
For our affliction's his.

Come then, repenting sinner, come ;
 Approach with humble faith ;
 Owe what thou wilt, the total sum
 Is cancell'd by his death.

His blood can cleanse the blackest soul,
 And wash our guilt away.
 He shall present us sound and whole
 In that tremendous day.

8

Salvation by Christ alone.

HOW can ye hope, deluded souls,
 To see, what none e'er saw,
 Salvation by the works obtain'd
 Of Sinai's fiery law !

There ye may toil, and weep, and fast,
 And vex your heart with pain ;
 And, when ye've ended, find at last
 That all your toil was vain.

That law but makes your guilt abound :
 Sad help ! and (what is worst)
 All souls, that under that are found,
 By God himself are curst.

This curse pertains to those who break
 One precept e'er so small.
 And where's the man, in thought or deed,
 That has not broken all ?

Fly then, awaken'd sinners fly ;
 Your case admits no stay ;
 The fountain's open'd now for sin ;
 Come, wash your guilt away.

- 6 See how from Jesu's wounded side
The water flows, and blood !
If you but touch that purple tide,
You make your peace with God
- 7 Only by faith in Jesu's wounds
The sinner gets release ;
No other sacrifice for sin
Will God accept but this.

Of Sanctification.

- 1 **T**HE Holy Ghost in scripture sa
Expressly, in one part,
Speaking by Peter's mouth*, " By
"God purifies the heart."
- 2 Now what in holy writ he says,
In part, or through the whole,
The self-same truths, by various w
He teaches in the soul.
- 3 Experience likewise tells us this ;
Before the Saviour's blood
Has wash'd us clean, and made our
We can do nothing good.
- 4 But here, my friends, the danger lie
Errors of diff'rent kind
Will still creep in ; which devils d
To cheat the human mind.

* Acts xv. 9.

"I want no work within," (says one)

"'Tis all in Christ the head."

Thus, careless, he goes blindly on,

And trusts a faith that's dead.

"'Tis dangerous" (another cries)

"To trust to faith alone;

"Christ's righteousness will not suffice,

"Except I add my own."

Thus he, that he may something do

To shun th' impending curse,

Upon the old will patch the new,

And makes the rent still worse.

Others affirm the Spirit of God,

To true believers giv'n,

Makes all their thoughts and acts so good,

They're always fit for heav'n.

The babe of Christ, at hearing this,

Is fill'd with anxious fear;

Conscience condemns, corruptions rise,

And drive him near despair.

These trials weaklings suffer here;

Censure and scorn without,

And from within (what's worse to bear)

Despondency and doubt.

But, gracious Lord, who once didst feel

What weakness is, and fears;

Who got'st thy vict'ry over hell

With groans, and cries, and tears;

Do thou direct our feeble hearts

To trust thee for the whole;

The work of grace in all its parts

Accomplish in the soul.

D

Thy Holy Spirit into us breathe :
 A perfect Saviour prove.
 Lord, give us faith, and let that faith
 Work all thy will by love.

10

The enlightened Sinner.

MY God, when I reflect
 How all my life-time past
 I ran the roads of sin and death
 With rash impetuous haste.

2 My foolishness I hate,
 My filthiness I loathe ;
 And view, with sharp remorse and shame
 My filth and folly both.

3 With some the tempter takes
 Much pains to make them mad ;
 But me he found, and always held ;
 The easiest fool he had.

4 His Deep and dang'rous lies
 So grossly I believ'd,
 He was not readier to deceive
 Than I to be deceiv'd.

5 His light and airy dreams
 I took for solid good,
 And thought his base adult'rate cost
 The riches of thy blood.

6 And dost thou still regard,
 And cast a gracious eye
 On one so foul, so base, so blind
 So dead, so lost, as I !

Then sinners black as hell
 May hence for hope have ground;
 For who of mercy needs despair,
 Since I have mercy found?

11

Jesus our all.

- 1 **JESUS** is the chiefest good;
 He hath sav'd us by his blood.
 Let us value nought but him;
 Nothing else deserves esteem.
- 2 Jesus, when stern Justice said
 "Man his life has forfeited,
 "Vengeance follows by decree,"
 Cried "Inflict it all on me."
- 3 Jesus gives us life and peace,
 Faith, and love, and holiness;
 Ev'ry blessing, great or small,
 Jesus for us purchas'd all.
- 4 Jesus therefore let us own.
 Jesus we'll exalt alone.
 Jesus has our sins forgiv'n.
 Jesu's blood has bought us heav'n.

12

Christ's Nativity.

- 1 **COME**, ye redeemed of the Lord,
 Your grateful tribute bring;
 And celebrate, with one accord,
 The birth-day of our King.

Let us with humble hearts repair,
 (Faith will point out the road)
 To little Bethlehem, and there
 Adore our Infant-God.

3 In swaddling bands the Saviour view !
 Let none this weakness scorn.
 The feeblest heart shall hell subdue,
 Where Jesus Christ is born.

4 No pomp adorns, no sweet perfume,
 The place where Christ is laid ;
 A stable serves him for his room,
 A manger is his bed.

5 The crowded inn like sinners' hearts,
 (O ignorance extreme !)
 For other guests of various sorts
 Had room ; but none for him.

6 But see what different thoughts arise
 In ours and angels' breasts ;
 To hail his birth they left the skies,
 We lodg'd him with the beasts !

7 Yet let believers cease their fears,
 Nor envy heav'nly pow'rs ;
 If sinless innocence be theirs,
 Redemption all is ours !

13

Another.

1 **H**OW blest is the season
 At which we appear ;
 Bow down, sense and reason ;
 Faith only reign here.

Is heard by mere nature
 With coldness and scorn,
 That God, our Creator,
 An infant was born.

Lost souls to recover,
 And form them afresh,
 Our wonderful Lover
 Took flesh of our flesh :
 Then let each dull dreamer
 Awake to this morn,
 And hail the Redeemer
 At Bethlehem born.

O drunkards, ye swearers,
 Ye muckworms of earth,
 Repent, and be sharers
 In this blessed birth.
 From sin to release us,
 That yoke so long worn,
 The holy child Jesus
 Of Mary was born.

Opposers, transgressors,
 Of ev'ry degree,
 And formal professors,
 (The worst of the three)
 With tears of contrition
 Your foolishness mourn ;
 To give you remission,
 Immanuel's born.

The vilest of creatures,
 Backsliders so base,
 Bold rebels and traitors,
 Abusers of grace,

Come, cease your backslidings,
And once more return;
Receive the glad tidings,
A Saviour is born!

6 Poor sinners dejected,
Of comfort debarr'd,
Whose hearts are afflicted
Because they're so hard,
Desp'ring of favour,
Cold, lifeless, forlorn;
Remember the Saviour
In winter was born.

7 And ye that sincerely
Confide in the Lamb,
(He loves you most dearly)
Rejoice in his name.
No more the believer
From God shall be torn;
To hold him for ever
An infant is born.

Another.

1 **L**ET us all, with grateful
Celebrate the happy day
When the lovely loving Jesu
First partook of human clay
When the heav'nly host, as
Gaz'd with wonder from
Angels joy'd, and devils trembl'd
Neither fully knowing

- 3** Long had Satan reign'd imperious,
 Till the woman's promis'd seed,
 Born a babe by birth mysterious,
 Came to bruise the serpent's head,
 Crush, dear babe, his pow'r within us,
 Break our chains, and set us free :
 Pull down all the bars between us,
 Till we fly and cleave to thee.
- 3** Shepherds, on their flocks attending,
 Shepherds that in night-time watch'd,
Saw the messenger descending,
 From the court of heav'n dispatch'd.
Beams of glory deck'd his mission,
 Bursting through the veil of night;
Fear possess'd them at the vision ;
 Sinners tremble at the light.
- 4** Dove-like meekness grac'd his visage ;
 Joy and love shone round his head ;
 Soon he cheer'd them with his message ;
 Comfort flow'd from all he said.
 " Fear not, fav'rites of th' Almighty ;
 " Joyful news to you I bring ;
 " You have now, in David's city,
 " Born a Saviour, Christ the King.
- 5** " Go, and find the royal stranger
 " By these signs : A babe you'll see,
 " Weak, and lying in a manger,
 " Wrapt and swaddled—that is he."
 Straight a host of angels glorious
 Round the heav'nly herald throng,
 Uttering, in harmonious chorus,
 Airs divine ; and this the song—
- 6** " Glory first to God be given
 " In the highest heights ; and then

" Peace on earth, proclaim'd by he
 " Peace, and great good will to
 Thus they sang with rapture, kindl
 In the shepherds' hearts a flame
 Joy and wonder sweetly mingling,
 All believers feel the same.

- 7 Lo, sweet babe, we fall before thee
 Jesus, thee we all adore ;
 To thee kingdom, pow'r, and glory
 Be ascrib'd for evermore.
Glory to our God be given
In the highest heights, and then
Peace on earth brought down from
Peace, and great good will to me

15

Tribulation.

- 1 **T**HE souls that would to Jesus p
 Must fix this firm and sure,
 That tribulation, more or less,
 They must and shall endure.
- 2 From this there can be none exem
 'Tis God's own wise decree,
 Satan the weakest saint will tempt
 Nor is the strongest free.
- 3 The world opposes from without,
 And unbelief within.
 We fear, we faint, we grieve, we d
 And feel the load of sin.
- 4 Glad frames too often lift us up ;
 And then how proud we gro

Till sad desertion makes us droop,
And down we sink as low.

Ten thousand baits the foe prepares
To catch the wand'ring heart ;
And seldom do we see the snares
Before we feel the smart.

But let not all this terrify ;
Pursue the narrow path ;
Look to the Lord with stedfast eye,
And fight with hell by faith.

Tho' we are feeble, Christ is strong,
His promises are true ;
We shall be conqu'rors all ere long,
And more than conqu'rors too.

16

New Year's Day.

1 **O**NCE more the constant sun,
Revolving round his sphere,
His steady course has run,
And brings another year.
He rises, sets,
But goes not back,
Nor ever quits
His destin'd track.

2 Hence let believers learn
To keep a forward pace.
Be this our main concern,
To finish well our race.
Backsliding shun ;
With patience press

**Towards the Sun
Of Righteousness.**

3 What now shall be our task ?
Or rather, what our pray'r ?
What good things shall we ask,
To prosper this new year ?
With one accord
Our hearts we'll lift,
And ask our Lord
Some new-year's gift.

4 No trifling gift, or small,
Shoul'd friends of Christ desire
Rich Lord, bestow on all
Pure gold, well try'd by fire ;
Faith that stands fast
When devils roar,
And love that lasts
For evermore.

Christ the Believer's all.

- 1 **L**AMB of God, we fall before thee
Humbly trusting in thy cross
That alone be all our glory,
All things else are dung and dro
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Only source of all that's good
Ev'ry grace and ev'ry favour
Come to us thro' Jesu's blood
- 2 *Jesus gives us true repentance
By his Spirit sent from h*

hispers this sweet sentence,
 "thy sins are all forgiv'n."
 e gives us to believe it,
 ful hearts his love to prize,
 e wisdom? he must give it;
 ng ears, and seeing eyes.

ves us pure affections,
 to do what he requires;
 as follow his directions,
 what he commands inspires.
 pray'r's, and all our praises,
 tly offer'd in his name,
 dictates them is Jesus;
 at answers is the same.

we live on Jesu's merit,
 we worship God aright;
 Son, and Holy Spirit,
 we savingly unite.
 e whole conclusion of it;
 t or good whate'er we call,
 r King, or Priest, or Prophet,
 Christ is all in all!

18

thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.

Matt. VIII. 2.

the pangs by Christians felt
 hen their eyes are open;
 hey see the gulphs of guilt
 must wade and grope in;
 the hell appears within,
 ing bitter anguish,

And the loathsome stench of sin
Makes the spirits languish.

- 2 Now the heart, disclos'd, betrays
All its hid disorders ;
Enmity to God's right ways,
Blasphemies and murders,
Malice, envy, lust, and pride,
Thoughts obscene and filthy,
Sores corrupt and putrify'd ;
No part sound or healthy.

- 3 All things to promote our fall
Shew a mighty fitness :
Satan will accuse withal,
And the conscience witness :
Foes within, and foes without,
Wrath, and law, and terrors ;
Rash presumption, timid doubt,
Coldness, deadness, errors.

- 4 Brethren, in a state so sad,
When temptations seize us,
When our hearts we feel thus bad,
Let us look to Jesus.
He that hung upon the cross,
For his people bleeding,
Now in heaven sits, for us
Always interceding.

- 5 Vengeance, when the Saviour dy'd,
Quitted the believer.
Justice cry'd " I'm satisfy'd
" Now henceforth for ever,"
" It is finish'd," said the Lord,
In his dying minute :

holy Ghost, repeat that word ;
Full salvation's in it.

eproust soul, press thro' the crowd
In thy foul condition ;
truggle hard, and call aloud
On the great Physician.
Wait till thy disease he cleansed,
Begging, trusting, cleaving ;
When, and where, and by what means,
To his wisdom leaving.

19

Who hath the Lord helped us. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

THOU' straight be the way,
With dangers beset,
And we thro' delay
Are no farther yet ;
Our good guide and Saviour
Hath helped thus far ;
And 'tis by his favour
We are what we are.

A favour so great
We highly should prize ;
Not murmur, nor fret,
Nor small things despise.
But What call we small things—
Sin's whole cancell'd sum ?
'Tis greater than all things,
Except those to come.

My brethren, reflect
On what we have been ;
E

How God had respect
 To us under sin.
 When lower and lower
 We ev'ry day fell,
 He stretch'd forth his power,
 And snatch'd us from hell.

4 Then let us rejoice,
 And cheerfully sing,
 With heart and with voice,
 To Jesus our King,
 Who thus far has brought us
 From evil to good;
 The ransom that bought us
 No less than his blood.

5 For blessings like these,
 So bounteously giv'n;
 For prospects of peace,
 And foretastes of heav'n;
 'Tis grateful, 'tis pleasant,
 To sing and adore;
 Be thankful for present,
 And then ask for more.

Blessed is the man that endureth ten
 James I. 12.

1 **A**ND must it, Lord, be so?
 And must thy children bear
 Such various kinds of woe,
 Such soul-preplexing fear?
 Are these the blessings we expect
 As the lot of God's elect?

groan and mourn
 th the weight of sin ;
 to be new-born,
 now not what we mean :
 t something very great,
 that's undiscover'd yet.

ot, ye sons of earth,
 ook with scornful eyes ;
 our highest mirth
 addest hours we prize ;
 ur cup seems fill'd with gall,
 uthing secret sweetens all

sh soe'er the way,
 Saviour, still lead on ;
 ve us till we say
 her, thy will be done."
 e do but taste the cup,
 one hast drunk it up.

ilty man complain ?
 sinful dust repine ?
 t is all our pain—
 ight, compar'd with thine ?
 ur Lord, what is begun ;
 ou the way, but still lead on.

21

Wonders of redeeming Love.

ond'rous are the works of God,
 lay'd thro' all the world abroad !
 great ! immensely small !
 uge work exceeds them all.

- 3 He form'd the sun, fair fount of light ;
The moon and stars to rule the night ;
But night, and stars, and moon, and sun
Are little works compar'd with one.
- 3 He roll'd the seas, and spread the skies
Made vallies sink, and mountains rise;
The meadows cloth'd with native green
And bade the rivers glide between.
- 4 But what are seas, or skies, or hills,
Or verdant vales, or gliding rills,
To wonders man was born to prove,
The wonders of redeeming love ?
- 5 'Tis far beyond what words express,
What saints can feel, or angels guess.
Angels, that hymn the great I AM,
Fall down, and veil before the Lamb,
- 6 The highest heav'ns are short of this ;
'Tis deeper than the vast abyss ;
'Tis more than thought can e'er conceive
Or hope expect, or faith believe.
- 7 Almighty God sigh'd human breath !
The Lord of life experienc'd death !
How it was done we can't discuss ;
But this we know, 'twas done for us !
- 8 Blest with this faith, then let us raise
Our hearts in love, our voice in praise :
All things to us must work for good,
For whom the Lord hath shed his blood
- 9 Trials may press of ev'ry sort ;
They may be sore—they must be sore

We now believe, but soon shall view,
The greatest glories God can shew.

Whom resist steadfast in the faith

1 Pet. v. 1.

IN all our worst afflictions,
When furious foes surround us;
When troubles vex,
And fears perplex,
And Satan would confound us;
When foes to God and goodness
We find ourselves by feeling,
To do what's right
Unable quite,
And almost as unwilling;

When, like the restless ocean,
Our hearts cast up uncleanness,
Flood after flood,
With mire and mud,
And all is foul within us;
When love is cold and languid,
And diff'rent passions shake us;
When hope decays,
And God delays,
And seems to quite forsake us;

Then to maintain the battle
With soldier-like behaviour;
To keep the field,
And never yield,
But firmly eye the Saviour;
To trust his gracious promise,

Thus hard beset with evil:
This—this is faith
Will conquer death,
And overcome the devil.

23

Cleaving to Christ.

1 **B**RETHREN, let us praise the
Exalt his blessed name;
Let us hear and keep his word;
His glory be our aim.
Let us resolutely strive
To work God's work with full
And what is it?—To believe
On him whom he hath sent.

2 Faith, implanted from above,
Will prove a fertile root;
Whence will spring a tree of life
Producing precious fruit.
Though bleak winds the bough
The rooted stock shall still
Leaves may languish, fruit decay
But more shall grow again

3 Happy souls, who cleave to Christ
By pure and living faith,
Finding him their King and
Their God and Guide till
God's own foe may plague them
Sin may distress, but no
Christ, who conquer'd for us
Will in us conquer too.

Dialogue between a Believer and his Soul.

COME, my soul, and let us try,
 For a little season,
 Ev'ry burden to lay by;
 Come, and let us reason.
 What is this that casts thee down?
 Who are those that grieve thee?
 Speak, and let the worst be known?
 Speaking may relieve thee.

1. *Oh! I sink beneath the load
 Of my nature's evil;
 Full of enmity to God;
 Captiv'd by the devil:
 Restless as the troubled seas;
 Feeble, faint, and fearful;
 Plagued with ev'ry sore disease;
 How can I be cheerful?*

Think on what thy Saviour bore
 In the gloomy garden,
 Sweating blood at ev'ry pore
 To procure thy pardon!
 See him stretch'd upon the wood,
 Bleeding, grieving, crying;
 Suff'ring all the wrath of God;
 Groaning, gasping, dying!

*This by faith I sometimes view,
 And those views relieve me;
 But my sins return anew;
 These are they that grieve me.*

Oh! I'm leprous, stinking, soul;
 Quite throughout infected.
 Have not I, if any soul,
 Cause to be dejected?

• Think how loud thy dying Lord
 Cry'd out "It is finish'd!"
 Treasure up that sacred word
 Whole and undiminish'd.
 Doubt not; he will carry on,
 To its full perfection,
 That good work he has begun,
 Why then this dejected?

Soul. Faith, when roid of works, is dead
 This the scriptures witness.
 And what works have I to plead,
 Who am all unfitness?
 All my powers are deprav'd,
 Blind, perverse, and filthy:
 If from death I'm fully sav'd,
 Why am I not healthy?

7 Bel. Pore not on thyself too long,
 Lest it sink thee lower.
 Look to Jesus, kind as strong
 Mercy join'd with power.
 Ev'ry work that thou must do
 Will thy gracious Saviour
 For thee work, and in thee to
 Of his special favour.

8 Soul. Jesu's precious blood, once
 I depend on solely
 To release and clear my ga
 But I would be holy.

- Bel. He that bought thee on the cross
Can control thy nature,
Fully purge away thy dross,
Make thee a new creature.
- Soul. *That he can I nothing doubt,
Be it but his pleasure.*
- Bel. Tho' it be not done throughout,
May it not in measure?
- Soul. *When that measure, far from great,
Still shall seem decreasing?*
- Bel. Faint not then; but pray, and wait,
Never, never ceasing.
- Soul. *What, when pray'r meets no regard?*
- Bel. Still repeat it often.
- Soul. *But I feel myself so hard—*
- Bel. Jesus will thee soften.
- Soul. *But my enemies make head—*
- Bel. Let them closer drive thee.
- Soul. *But I'm cold, I'm dark, I'm dead—*
- Bel. Jesus will revive thee!

25

Christ the Believer's Surety.

WHAT slavish fears molest my mind,
And vex my sickly soul!
Is it, Lord, that thou art kind,
And yet I am not whole?
Why should unbelief and pride,
And all their hellish train,
My ransom'd soul abide,
Give me all this pain?

- 3 Thy word is past ; thy promise made
 With pow'r it came from heav'n.
 "Cheer up, desponding soul," it said
 "Thy sins are all forgiv'n.
- 4 "Behold, I make thy cause my own ;
 "I bought thee with my blood :
 "Thy wicked works on me be throw
 "And I will work thy good.
- 5 "I am thy God, thy guide till death ;
 "Thy everlasting friend :
 "On me for love, for works, for faith
 "On me for all depend."
- 6 Thy blood, dear Lord, has bought my
 And paid the heavy debt ;
 Has giv'n a fair and full release ;
 But I'm in prison yet.
- 7 Unjustly now these foes of mine
 Their dev'lish hate pursue ;
 They made my Surety pay the fine,
 Yet plague the pris'ner too.
- 8 What right can my tormentors plead,
 That I should not be free ?
 Here's an amazing change indeed—
 Justice is now for me !
- 9 Lord, break these bars that thus con-
 These chains that gall me so ;
Say to that ugly jailor, sin,
"Loose him, and let him go."

The narrow Way.

PART I.

WIDE is the gate of death ;
 The way is large and broad ;
And many enter in thereat,
 And walk that beaten road :
 Because the gate of life
 Is narrow, low, and small ;
The path so prest, so close, so straight,
 There seems no path at all.

This way, that's found by few,
 Ten thousand snares beset,
To turn the seeker's steps aside,
 And trap the trav'ler's feet.

Before we've journey'd far
 Two dang'rous gulphs are fixt ;
Dead sloth and pharisaic pride,
 Scarce a hair's breadth betwixt.

False lights delude the eyes,
 And lead the steps astray :
That trav'ler treads the surest here
 That seldom sees his way.

Guides cry, Lo here ! lo there !
 On this, on that side keep,
Some over-drive ; some frighten back ;
 And others lull to sleep.

On the left hand and right
 Close cragged rocks are seen,

Distrust and self-wrought confid
 'Tis hard to squeeze between.

8 Sometimes we seem to gain
 Great lengths of ground by da
 But find, alas! when night come.
 We quite mistook the way.

9 Sometimes we have no strengt
 Sometimes we want the will;
 And sometimes, lest we might g
 We choose to stand quite still.

10 Again, thro' heedless haste
 We catch some dang'rous fall
 Then, fearing we may move too
 We hardly move at all.

11 Deep quagmires choak the w
 Corruptions foul and thick;
 Whose stench infects the air, an
 The strongest trav'ler sick.

12 Thro' these we long must wa
 And oft stick fast in mire.
 Now heat consumes; now frosts
 As dang'rous as the fire.

13 Spectres of various forms
 Allure, enchant, affright.
 Presumption tempts us ev'ry da
 Despair assaults by night.

14 Companions if we find,
 Alas! how soon they're gone
 For 'tis decreed that most must
 The darkest paths alone.

Distress'd on ev'ry side
 With evils, felt or fear'd,
 We pray, we cry ; but cannot find
 That pray'rs or cries are heard.

Thickets of briars and thorns
 Our feeble feet enclose ;
 And ev'ry step we take betrays
 New dangers and new foes.

When all these foes are quell'd,
 And ev'ry danger past,
 That ghastly phantom Death remains,
 To combat with at last.

PART II.

1 **I**F this be, Lord, thy way,
 Then who can hope to gain
 That prize such numbers never seek
 Such numbers seek in vain ?

2 'Tis thine almighty grace
 That can suffice alone,
 Thou giv'st us strength to run the race,
 And then bestow'st the crown.

3 Cheer up, ye trav'ling souls ;
 On Jesu's aid rely :
 He sees us when we see not him,
 And always hears our cry.

4 Without cessation pray ;
 Your pray'rs will not prove vain ;
 Our Joseph turns aside to weep,
 But cannot long refrain.

- 5 Sudden he stands confest ;
We look, and all is light ;
The foe, confounded, swift as though
Sneaks off, and sculks from sight.
- 6 His presence clears the foul,
And smooths the rugged way ;
He often makes the crooked straight,
And turns the night to day.
- 7 When then move cheerful on ;
The ground feels firm and good ;
And, lest we should mistake the way,
He lines it out with blood.
- 8 Again we cannot see
His helping hand, but feel :
And, tho' we neither feel nor see,
His hand sustains us still.
- 9 He gently leads us on ;
Protects from fatal harms ;
And, when we faint, and cannot walk
He bears us in his arms.
- 10 He guides and moves our steps ;
For, tho' we seem to move,
His Spirit all the motion gives
By springs of fear and love.
- 11 The meek with love he draws,
Restrains the rash by fear,
Searches and finds the wand'ring out
And brings the distant near,
- 12 When for a time we stop,
Perplexed and at a loss,
*He, like a beacon on a hill,
Erects his bloody cross.*

orward again we press
 nd, while that mark's in view,
 hosts of foes beset the way,
 e boldly venture thro'.

hen all these foes are quell'd,
 nd ev'ry danger past;
 death remains, he but remains
 o be subdu'd at last.

27

The Author's own Confession.

OME hither, ye that fear the Lord,
 Disciples of God's suff'ring Son;
 ne relate, and you record,
 hat he for my poor soul has done.

way of truth I quickly miss'd
 nd further stray'd, and further still;
 ected to be sav'd by Christ,
 ut to be holy had no will.

road of death with rash career
 an, and glory'd in my shame;
 s'd his grace, dispis'd his fear,
 nd others taught to do the same.

far from home, on husks I fed,
 iff'd up with each fantastic whim;
 swine a beastly life I led,
 nd serv'd God's foe instead of him.

rward fool, a willing drudge,
 icted for the prince of hell;

I needed

Lost all regard of right and wrong
In thought, in word, in act, c

7 My body was with lust defil'd ;
My soul I pamper'd up in pride
Could sit and hear the Lord reprove
The Saviour of mankind den

8 I strove to make my flesh decay
With foul disease and wasting
I strove to fling my life away,
And damn my soul—but at

9 The Lord, from whom I long
First check'd me with some
Turn'd on me, look'd, and said
And bade me hope for gre

10 Soon to his bar he made me
Confronted me

- 3 But O the goodness of our God !
 What pity melts his tender heart !
 He saw me welt'ring in my blood,
 And came, and eas'd me of my smart.
- 4 While I was yet a great way off,
 He ran, and on my neck he fell ;
 My short distress he judg'd enough,
 And snatch'd me from the brink of hell.
- 15 What an amazing change was here !
 I look'd for hell—he brought me heav'n.
*Cheer up, said he ; dismiss thy fear ;
 Cheer up ; thy sins are all forgiv'n.*
- 16 I would object ; but faster much
 He answer'd, *Peace*. What, me !—*Yes, thee :*
 But my enormous crimes are such—
I give thee pardon full and free.
- 17 But for the future, Lord—I am
*Thy great salvation, perfect, whole,
 Behold, thy bad works shall not damn,
 Nor can thy good works save thy soul.*
- 18 *Renounce them both. Myself alone
 Will for thee work, and in thee too,
 Henceforth I make thy cause my own,
 And undertake to bring thee thro'.*
- 19 He said ; I took the full release,
 The Lord had sign'd it with his blood !
 My horrors fled ; and perfect peace,
 And joy unspeakable, ensu'd.
- 20 I only begg'd one humble boon ;
 (Nor did the Lord offended seem)

Some service might by me be
To souls that truly trust in h

21 Thus I, who lately had been ca
And fear'd a just but heavy
Receiv'd a pardon for the past
A promise for the time to oc

22 This promise oft I call to mind
As thro' some painful paths
And secret consolation find,
And strength to fight with ev

23 And oft'times, when the tempt
Affirms it fancied, forg'd' or
Jesus appears; disproves the li
And kindly makes it o'er aga

Corruptions.

1 **T**HE Lord assur'd the chosen
From Egypt's bondage bro
They should obtain the promis
And find the rest they sought.

2 Strong nations now possess the l
Yet yield not thou to doubt;
With arm outstretch'd and migh
Thy God shall drive them out

3 Not all at once; for fear thou fir
Therav'nous beast of prey
Rising upon thee from behind,
As dang'rous foes as they.

and by little he
chase them from thy sight.
s are not call'd, we see,
ep or play, but fight.

pride, that rampant beast,
l rear its haughty head ;
h would soon be dispossess,
arelessness succeed.

ons make the mourners shun
option's dang'rous snare ;
to trust to Christ alone,
/ to God by pray'r.

we feel how low we're lost ;
arn, in some degree,
r that great salvation cost
comes to us so free.

weight to ev'ry soul
and sorrow fall ;
e was that which took the whole,
ely bore it all !

ill God our joy complete,
ake an end of sin ?
ll we walk the land, and meet
aanite therein ?

precede the day of death ?
t we wait till then ?
ng souls, be strong in faith,
it yourselves like men.

Deliv'rer's love is such,
ot long delay ;

Mean time that foes can't boast of,
Who makes us watch and pray.

29

The Paradox.

- 1 **H**OW strange is the course that a
must steer!
How perplext is the path he must
The hope of his happiness rises from
And his life he receives from the d
- 2 His fairest pretensions must wholly b
And his best resolutions be crost;
Nor can he expect to be perfectly se
Till he finds himself utterly lost.
- 3 When all this is done, and his hear
Of the total remission of sins;
When his pardon is sign'd, and h
procur'd
From that moment his conflict

30

Stand still, and see the salvation
Exod. XIV. 13.

- 1 **O**H what a narrow, narrow ps
Is that which leads to life
Some talk of works, and some
With warmth, and zeal, and

- 2** But, after all that's said or done,
Let men think what they will,
The strength of ev'ry tempted son
Consists in standing still.
- 3** "Stand still!" says one, "that's easy st
"Tis what I always do."
Deluded soul, be not secured;
This is not meant to you,
- 4** Not driv'n by fear, nor drawn by love,
Nor yet by duty led,
Lie still you do, and never move;
For who can move that's ead?
- 5** But for a living soul to stand,
By thousand dangers scared,
And feel destruction close at hand,
O this indeed is hard!
- 6** To shun this danger, others run
To hide they know not where;
Or, tho' they fight, no vict'ry's won;
They only beat the air.
- He that believes, the scripture says,
Shall not confus'dly haste.
Thus danger threatens both him that stays,
And him that runs too fast.
- Haste grasps at all, but nothing keeps;
Sloth is a dang'rous state:
And he that flies, and he that sleeps'
Cannot be said to wait.
- rd, let thy Spirit prompt us when
To go, and when to stay;

Attract us with the cords of men,
And we shall not delay.

- 10 Give pow'r and will, and then command,
And we will follow thee :
And, when we're frighten'd, bid us stand
And thy salvation see.

31

The Sabbath.

- 1 **G**OD thus commanded Jacob's seed,
When, from Egyptian bondage freed,
He led them by the way :
Remember, with a mighty hand,
I brought thee forth from Pharaoh's land
Then keep my sabbath day.
- 2 In six days God made heav'n and earth,
Gave all the various creatures birth,
And from his working ceas'd.
These days to labour he apply'd ;
The sev'nth he bless'd and sanctify'd,
And call'd the day of rest.
- 5 To all God's people now remains
A sabbatism, a rest for pains,
And works of slavish kind.
When tir'd with toil, and faint thro' fear,
The child of God can enter here,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 To this by faith he oft retreats,
Bondage and labour quite forgets,
And bids his cares adieu ;

Slides softly into promis'd rest,
Reclines his head on Jesu's breast,
And proves the sabbath true.

This, and this only, is the way
To rightly keep that sabbath-day,
Which God has holy made.
All keepers, that come short of this,
The substance of the sabbath miss,
And grasp an empty shade.

Who hath despised the day of small things!
Zech. iv. 10

THE Lord that made both heav'n and earth,
And was himself made man,
Lay in the womb, before his birth,
Contracted to a span.

Matur'd by time, till forth he came,
A babe like others seen;
As small in size, and weak of frame,
As babes have always been.

From thence he grew an infant mild,
By fair and due degrees?
And then became a bigger child,
And sat on Mary's knees.

At first held up for want of strength,
In time alone he ran;
Then grew a boy; a lad; at length
A youth; at last a man.

5 Behold, from what beginnings sa
 Our great salvation rose !
 The strength of God is own'd by
 But who his weakness knows ?

6 Thus souls, that would to heav'
 Must Jacob's ladder climb ;
 And step by step the summit gai
 In measure and in time.

7 Let not the strong the weak des
 Their faith tho' small, is true,
 Though how they seem in other'
 Their Saviour seem'd so too.

8 Nor meanly of the tempted thi
 For O what tongue can tell
 How low the Lord of life must si
 Before he vanquish'd hell !

9 The least believer is a saint,
 And if our growth be slow.
 We should not therefore tire and
 Since Christ himself could gro

10 As in the days of flesh he grew
 In wisdom, stature, grace,
 So in the soul that's born anew
 He keeps a gradual pacc.

11 No less almighty at his birth
 Than on his throne supreme,
His shoulders held up heav'n ar'
 When Mary held up him !

Holy Days.

Christians to the Lord regard a day
 others to the Lord regard it not.
 These seem to choose a different way,
 but to one same point are brought.

Regards the day will reason thus,
 On this day our Saviour and our King
 Some mighty act of love for us;
 The time in mem'ry of the thing."

O Jesus points his kind intent,
 Prayers and praises in his name.
 Alone his love is meant,
 Accepts it. "And who dares to blame?"

The shell indeed is not the meat,
 But when the meat's within.
 Adornment is a vain conceit,
 Simplicity surely is no sin.

That to days has no regard,
 Is only for the substance quits,
 The Saviour's presence presses hard,
 All things thro' eagerness omits.

By to himself he thus reflects,
 Alone I count my chiefest good;
 Forms my craving soul rejects,
 The solid riches of his blood.

And times I place my sole delight
 Only object of my care

External shews for his dear sake I sh
' Lest ought but Jesus my respect shou

8 Let not th' observer, therefore, enter
Against his brother any secret grudge:
Nor let the non-observer call him vain
But use his freedom, and forbear to jud

9 Thus both may bring their motives to
Our condescending Lord will both app
Let each pursue the way that likes him
He cannot walk amiss that walks in lov

34

Good Friday.

1 **O**H! what a sad and doleful night
 Preceded that day's morn,
 When darkness seiz'd the Lord of lig
 And sin by Christ was born!

2 When our intolerable load
 Upon his soul was laid,
 And the vindictive wrath of God
 Flam'd furious on his head!

3 We in our Conqu'ror well may bo
 For none, but God alone,
 Can know how dear the vict'ry co
 How hardly it was won.

4 Forth from the garden, fully tri
 Our bruised Champion came.
 To suffer what remain'd beside
 Of pain, and grief, and sham

it upon, and crown'd with thorn,
 cle he stood ;
 ith scourges lash'd and torn ;
 bath'd in blood !

e cross thro' hands and feet,
 in open view :
 is sorrows quite complete,
 deserted too !

re's works the woes he felt
 t infection ran ;
 t things could break or melt,
 he heart of man.

efore thee, Lord, we come.
 t our hearts, or break ;
 l we now continue dumb,
 stones would speak.

hast paid the heavy debt,
 le believers clean ;
 ows nothing of it yet
 ot griev'd at sin.

friend of grief partakes ;
 ion can be none

heart like melting wax*
 arts as hard as stone ;

head diffusing blood
 embers sound and whole ;
 an agonizing God
 a unfeeling soul.

long'd happiness is full,
 can go with thee,

* Psalm XII. 14.

To Golgotha: the place of skull
Is heav'n on earth to me.

Another. •

1 **T**HAT day, when Christ was crucifi
The mighty God Jehovah died
An ignominious death.
He that would keep this solemn day
(And true disciples safely may)
Must keep it firm in faith.

2 For, tho' the mournful tragedy
May call up tears in ev'ry eye,
Yet, brethren, rest not here.
Would you condole your dying Friend
Let each into his soul descend,
And find his Saviour there.

3 This only can our hearts assure,
And make our outward worship pure
In God's all-searching sight.
When all we do with love is mixt,
And stedfast faith, on Jesus fixt,
My brethren, then we're right.

Another

1 **C**OME, poor sinners, come away
In meditation sweet,
Let us go to Golgotha,
And kiss our Saviour's feet.

is wounded side
 l we ev'ry whit are clean :
 ountain open'd wide
 ness and sin.

rnerns, cease your fear ;
 he dying Lamb
 oids despair
 at love his name.
 ellow-sufferer see ;
 n all things like to you.
 ighted ! So was he.
 ! He was too.

Redeemer, shed
 s vital blood.
 ur victorious Head,
 come near to God.
 ow may distress ;
 er shall us quite control ;
 purchas'd holiness
 sin-sick soul.

37

Perseverance.

er, that by precious faith
 lt his sins forgiv'n,
 t moment pass'd from death,
 'd an heir of heav'n.

and snares enclose his feet,
 shall hold him fast ;
 dangers he may meet,
 get safe at last.

- 3 Not as the world the Saviour gives;
 He is no fickle friend;
 Whom once he loves he never leaves,
 But loves him to the end.
- 4 The spirit that would this truth withsta
 Would pull God's temple down,
 Wrest Jesu's sceptre from his hand,
 And spoil him of his crown.
- 6 Satan might then full vict'ry boast,
 The church might wholly fall;
 If one believer may be lost,
 It follows, so may all.
- 6 But Christ in ev'ry age has prov'd
 His purchase firm and true.
 If this foundation be remov'd,
 What shall the righteous do?
- 7 Brethren, by this your claim abide,
 This title to your bliss;
 Whatever loss you bear beside,
 O never give up this.

*This is a faithful saying, and worthy
 acception, that Christ Jesus came i
 world to save sinners. 1 Tim. I. 15.*

- 1 **W**HEN Adam by transgression fel'
 And, conscious, fled his Mak
 Link'd in clandestine league with ^h
 He ruin'd all his future race.

s of evil, once brought in,
 , and fill'd the world with sin.
 ing leav'n ferments the mass.
 ture's sick ; creation's spoil'd ;
 -infected sire, alas !
 a sin-infected child.
 pagation spreads the curse ;
 , born bad, grows worse and worse.

he second Adam came,
 erpent's subtle head to bruise :
 els his malicious claim,
 isappoints his dev'lish views :
 poor pris'ners with his blood,
 gs the sinner-back to God.

rstand these terms aright,
 rand distinction should be known ;
 are sinners in God's sight,
 are but few so in their own.
 as these our Lord was sent ;
 only sinners who repent.

mfort can a Saviour bring
 ose who never felt their woe ?
 is a sacred thing ;
 Holy Ghost has made him so.
 from him we must receive
 or sin we rightly grieve.

self-righteous hence beware,
 e this great salvation scorn.
 y careless soul take care ;
 ey that laugh shall one day mourn.
 ing lights, learn hence to stoop ;
 ledge only puffs men up.

- 7 This faithful saying let us own,
 (Well worthy 'tis to be believ'd)
 That Christ into the world came down,
 That sinners might by him be sav'd.
 Sinners are high in his esteem,
 And sinners highly value him.

39

The Sinner's Hope.

- 1 **C**OME, ye humble sinner-train,
 Souls for whom the Lamb was slai
 Cheerful let us raise our voice
 We have reason to rejoice.
 Let us sing, with saints in heav'n,
 Life restor'd, and sins forgiv'n,
 Glory and eternal laud
 Be to our incarnate God.
- 2 Now look up with faith, and see
 Him that bled for you and me,
 Seated on his glorious throne,
 Interceding for his own.
 What can Christians have to fear
 When they view their Saviour there?
 Hell is vanquish'd heav'n pleas'd,
 God is reconcil'd and pleas'd.
- 3 Snares and dangers may beset,
 For we are but trav'lers yet.
 As the way indeed is hard,
 Let us keep a constant guard;
 Neither lifted up with air,
 Nor dejected to despair;

Always keeping Christ in view ;
He will bring us safely thro'.

40

The world by wisdom knew not God.

1 Cor. i. 21.

- 1 **O** Ye sons of men, be wise ;
' Trust no longer dreams and lies ;
Out of Christ, almighty pow'r
Can do nothing but devour.
- 2 God, you say, is good. 'Tis true,
But he's pure and holy too ;
Just and jealous in his ire,
Burning with vindictive fire.
- 3 This of old himself declar'd :
Israel trembled when they heard,
But the proof of proofs indeed
Is, he sent his Son to bleed.
- 4 When the blessed Jesus died
God was clearly justified :
Sin to pardon without blood
Never in his nature stood.
- 5 Worship God then in his Son ;
There he's love, and there alone.
Think not that he will, or may,
Pardon any other way.
- 6 See the suffering Son of God
Panting, groaning, sweating blood !
Brethren, this had never been,
Had not God detested sin.

- 7 Be his mercy therefore sought
In the way himself has taught :
There his clemency is such,
We can never trust too much.
- 8 He, that better knows than we,
Bids us all to Jesus flee.
Humbly take him at his word,
And your souls shall bless the Lord:

41

*Behold, and see, if there be any sorrow lik
my sorrow. Lam. i. 12*

- 1 **M**UCH we talk of Jesu's blood;
But how little's understood !
Of his sufferings, so intense,
Angels have no perfect sense.
Who can rightly comprehend
Their begining, or their end ?
'Tis to God, and God alone,
That their weight is fully known.
- 2 O thou hideous monster, Sin,
What a curse hast thou brought in !
All creation groans thro' thee,
Pregant cause of misery !
Thou hast ruin'd wretched man
Ever since the world began ;
Thou hast God afflicted too ;
Nothing less than that would do.
- 3 Would we then rejoice indeed ?
Be it that from thee we're freed :

And our justest cause to grieve
 Is, that thou wilt to us cleave.
 Faith relieves us from thy guilt;
 But we think whose blood was spilt.
 All we hear, or feel, or see,
 Serves to raise our hate to thee.

Dearly are we bought, for God
 Bought us with his own heart's blood.
 Boundless depths of love divine !
 Jesus, what a love was thine !
 Tho' the wonders thou hast done
 Are as yet so little known ;
 Here we fix, and comfort take—
 Jesus died for sinners' sake !

42

Election.

BRETHREN, would you know your stay !
 What it is supports you still ?
 Why, tho' tempted ev'ry day,
 Yet you stand, and stand you will ?
 Long before our birth,
 Nay, before Jehovah laid
 The foundations of the earth,
 We were chosen in our Head.
 God's election is the ground
 Of our hope to persevere.
 On this rock your building found,
 And preserve your title clear.
 Infidels may laugh ;
 Pharisees gainsay, or rail ;
 Here's your tenure (keep it safe),
 God's elect can never fail.

Create in me a clean heart. Psalm li. 10.

1 **L**ORD, when thy Spirit descends to shew
The badness of our hearts,
Astonish'd at th' amazing view,
The soul with horror starts.

2 The dungeon, op'ning foul as hell,
Its loathsome stench emits;
And, brooding in each secret cell,
Some hideous monster sits.

3 Swarms of ill thoughts their bane d'
Proud, envious, false, unclean;
And ev'ry ransak'd corner shews
Some unsuspected sin.

4 Our stagg'ring faith gives way to
Our courage yields to fear:
Shock'd at the sight, we straight
"Can ever God dwell here?"

5 But he that shews can purge th'
Of each polluted soul;
Restore the putrid parts to
And purify the whole.

6 None less than God's almighty
Can move such loads of sin;
The water from his side must
To wash this dungeon clean.

7 O come, thou much expected
Lord Jesus, quickly 'c

chamber of my breast;
repare the room.

Willst thou stay till thou canst meet
a worthy thee,
as thou wouldst never sit—
I'm sure with me.

Will that blest time arrive,
if thou wilt kindly deign
sit, to lodge, to live,
I part again?

44

Prayer. 1 Chron. iv. 9. 10

There was in days of old,
but little of him heard,
high; of whom is told
about an effectual pray'r.
My brethren, let us view,
we can pray so too.

Israel's God, 'tis said;
take notice first of that:
any other pray'd,
had not matter'd what;
Israelites adore
Immanuel, and no more.

Willst thou wouldst me bless indeed,
if thou wouldst enlarge my bound;
thy hand in ev'ry need
and help be with me found!
Wouldst thou cause that evil be
of pain and grief to me!"

- 4 What is it to be blest indeed,
But to have all our sins forgiv'n?
To be from guilt and terror freed ;
Redeem'd from hell, and seal'd for
To worship an incarnate God,
And know he sav'd us by his blood ?
- 5 And next, to have our coast enlarg'd,
Is, that our hearts extend their pla
From bondage and from fear discharg'
And fill'd with love to God and ma
To cast off ev'ry narrow thought,
And use the freedom Christ has boug'
- 6 To use this liberty aright,
And not the grace of God abuse,
We always need his hand, his might,
Lest what he gives us we should lo
Spiritual pride would soon creep in,
And turn his very grace to sin.
- 7 This pray'r, so long ago preferr'd,
Is left on sacred record thus.
And this good pray'r by God was hea
And kindly handed down to us.
Thus Jabez pray'r (for that's his name)
Let all believers pray the same.

Whitsunday.

- 1 **W**HEN the blest day of Pentecost
Was fully come, the Holy Gho
Descended from above,
Sent by the Father and the Son,

e Sender and the Sent are one)
The Lord of Life and love.

thin one house, with one accord,
e faithful followers, of our Lord

Waiting his promise, sit;
at, vested with supernal * pow'r,
ey might be then, and not before,
To preach the gospel fit.

lden a rushing wind they hear;
d fiery cloven tongues appear;
And sat on ev'ry one.
ven, perhaps to be the sign
at God no longer would confine
His word to Jews alone.

every nation under heav'n
hear the gospel-sound is giv'n;
The call to all extends.
ours was parted long ago,
God divides his language too,
And after sinners sends.

d were these first disciples blest
th heav'nly gifts? And shall the rest
Be pass'd unheeded by?
at! Has the Holy Ghost forgot
quicken souls that Christ has bought;
And lets them lifeless lie!

, thou almighty Paraclete,
ou shedd'st thy heav'nly influence yct,
Thou visit'st sinners still:
y breath of life, thy quick'ning flame,
y pow'r, thy Godhead, still the same,
We own, because we feel.

* From above.

Another.

- 1 **T**HE soul that with sincere desires
 Seek after Jesu's love,
 That soul the Holy Ghost inspires
 With breathings from above.
- 2 Not ev'ry one in like degree
 The Spirit of God receives ;
 The Christian often cannot see
 His faith, and yet believes.
- 3 So gentle sometimes is the flame,
 That, if we take not heed,
 We may unkindly quench the same ;
 We may, my friends, indeed.
- 4 Blest God, that once in fiery tongues
 Cam'st down in open view,
 Come, visit every heart that longs
 To entertain thee too.
- 5 And, tho' not like a mighty wind,
 Nor with a rushing noise ;
 May we thy calmer comforts find,
 And hear thy still small voice.
- 6 Not for the gift of tongues we pray,
 Nor pow'r the sick to heal ;
 Give wisdom to direct our way,
 And strength to do thy will.
- 7 We pray to be renew'd within,
 And reconcil'd to God ;
 To have our conscience wash'd clean
 In the Redeemer's blood.

to have our faith increas'd.
 O celestial Dove !
 to be completely blest
 that rich blessing, love.

47

in and Doxology to the Trinity

comprehend the great THREE-ONE
 more than highest angels can ;
 what the Trinity has done
 death and hell to ransom man.

true Christians this may boast
 what from nature never learn'd)
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 how our souls are all concern'd.

Father's love in this we find,
 made his Son our sacrifice.
 Son in love his life resign'd.
 Spirit of love his blood applies.

How the Trinity can praise
 Trinity, tho' Christ our King ;
 grateful hearts and voices raise
 with and love, while thus we sing—

to God the Father be,
 whose he sent his Son to die.
 to God the Son, that he
 with such willingness comply.

to God the Holy Ghost,
 who to our hearts this love reveals.
 God Three-One to sinners lost
 redemption sends, procures, and seals.

*Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my
shall not pass away. Matt. xxiv. 34*

1 **T**HE moon and stars shall lose their
The sun shall sink in endless night
Both heav'n and earth shall pass away
The works of nature all decay.

2 But they that in the Lord confide,
And shelter in his wounded side,
Shall see the danger overpast,
Stand ev'ry storm, and live at last.

3 What Christ has said must be fulfill'd.
On this firm rock, believers, build.
His word shall stand, his truth prevail,
And not one jot or tittle fail.

4 His word is this (poor sinners, hear),
"Believe on me, and banish fear."
"Cease from your own works, bad or good,
"And wash your garments in my blood

The Rainbow. Isa. liv. 9.

1 **W**HEN, deaf to ev'ry warning given,
Man braved the patient pow'r of
Great in his anger, God arose,
Delug'd the world, and drown'd his

ce, that call'd for this just doom,
 o make sweet mercy room.
 his wrath repenting, swore
 should drown the earth no more.

are ages this might know,
 d in heav'n his radiant bow;
 , till time itself shall fail,
 ers shall no more prevail,

ities of this bow but shine
 r eyes as something fine;
 uestigate their cause
 ims drawn from Nature's laws.

t great ends can men pursue
 emes like these, suppose them true?
 : the form; the cause define;
 bow still remains a sign;

n which by faith we read
 nant God with Noah made;
 end, and truly great?
 ething greater lies there yet.

r, that beams with vivid light,
 a sign to Christian sight
 d has sworn (who dares condemn?)
 no more be wroth with them.

believer, when he views
 bow in its various hues,
 "Those lively colours shine
 w that heav'n is surely mine.

yon' cloud what tinctures glow:
 d the smiling vales below!

"So smiles my cheerful soul to see
 "My God is reconcil'd to me."

Charity never faileth. 1 Cor. xi

- 1 **F**AITH in the bleeding Lamb
 O what a gift is this !
 Hope of salvation in his name,
 How comfortable 'tis !
- 2 Knowledge of what is right ;
 How God is reconcil'd ;
 A foe receiv'd a favourite,
 An alien made a child.
- 3 Blessings, my friends, like these
 Are very, very great :
 But soon they ev'ry one must cease
 Nor are they now complete.
- 4 Faith will to bliss give place.
 In sight we hope shall lose.
 For who needs trust for things he sees
 Or hope for what he views ?
- 5 The little too that's known,
 Which, children like, we boast
 Will fade, like glow-worms in the dark
 Or drops in ocean lost.
- 6 But love shall still remain,
 Its glories cannot cease ;
 No other change shall that sustain
 Save only to increase.

Of all that God bestows,
In earth, or heav'n above,
he best gift saint or angel knows,
Or e'er will know, his love.

Love all defects supplies,
Makes great obstructions small:
'tis pray'r; 'tis praise; 'tis sacrifice;
'Tis holiness; 'tis all!

Descend, celestial Dove,
With Jesu's flock abide:
Give us that best of blessings, love,
Whate'er we want beside.

51

*when they had nothing to pay, he frankly
forgave them both. Luke vii. 42.*

[MERCY is welcome news indeed
To those that guilty stand.
etches, that feel what help they need,
Vill bless the helping hand.

o rightly would his alms dispose,
Just give them to the poor.
ne but the wounded patient knows
The comforts of his cure.

: all have sinn'd against our God,
Exception none can boast;
t he that feels the heaviest load
Will prize forgiveness most.

:reck'ning can we rightly keep;
or who the sums can know?

Some souls are fifty pieces deep
And some five hundred owe.

5 But, let our debts be what they
However great or small,
As soon as we have nought to pay
Our Lord forgives us all.

6 'Tis perfect poverty alone
That sets the soul at large;
While we can call one mite our
We have no full discharge.

Praying for Relation

1 **K**IND souls, who for the mis'
Of those who seldom mind
But treat your zeal with cold disdain
Resolv'd to make your labours vain

2 You, whose sincere affection teaches
To help your dear ungrateful friends
That think you foes, or mad, or
Because you fain would save the

3 Though, deaf to ev'ry warning given
They scorn to walk with you to heaven
But often think, and sometimes
They'll never go, if that's the way

4 Tho' they the Spirit of God resist
Or ridicule your faith in Christ
Tho' they blaspheme, oppose, and
And hate you for your love to

ret way is left you still
 nem good against their will;
 ey can no obstruction give;
 y do this without their leave,

se throne of grace by pray'r,
 ir out all your wishes there;
 l fervent pray'r prevails
 'ry other method fails.

Faith is the Victory.

HOE'ER belives aright
 In Christ's atoning blood,
 is guilt's acquitted quite,
 may draw near to God.

n will still remain,
 ptions rise up thick;
 an says the med'cine's vain,
 se we yet are sick.

l this will not do;
 ope's on Jesus cast;
 e liars, and him be true,
 all be well at last

Faith and Repentance..

is our God and Saviour.
 le, and Counsellor, and Friend,
 all our misbehaviour,
 and loving to the end.

Trust him; he will not deceive us
 Tho' we hardly of him deem:
 He will never, never leave us;
 Nor will let us quite leave him.

- 2 View him in the doleful garden,
 View him on the bloody tree,
 Dearly purchasing a pardon
 For his people full and free.
 View him now in heaven sitting,
 Interceeding for us there;
 Not a moment intermitting
 His compassion and his care.
- 3 Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus,
 Can relieve us from our smart;
 Nothing else from guilt release us
 Nothing else can melt the heart.
 Law and terrors do but harden,
 All the while they work alone;
 But a sense of blood-bought par
 Soon dissolves a heart of stone.
- 4 'Tis a safe, tho' deep, compuncti
 Thy repenting people feel.
 Love and grief compound an unc
 Both to cleanse our wounds a
 Balm is useless to th' unfeeling;
 And repentance without faith
 Is a sore that, never healing,
 Frets and rankles unto death.
- 5 Jesus, all our consolations
 Flow from thee, the sov'reign
 Love, and faith, and hope, and
 All are purchas'd by thy blo

ess we receive them ;
 thing of our own :
 light'st to give them
 ly, who have none.

thy patient Spirit,
 urn, and not despair.
 g on thy merit,
 'd with God in pray'r
 fictions seize us,
 profit, if not please ;
 efend us, Jesus,
 ity and ease.

garden lead us,
 thy bloody sweat.
 from the curse hast freed us,
 the cost forget.
 and cries rehearsed
 rit in our ears,
 ng whom we've pierced,
 pathetic tears.

Another.

Christians, sing the praises
 condescending God ;
 mn the holy Jesus,
 wash'd us in his blood.
 and weak, and silley,
 y evil prone ;
 loves us freely,
 s us for his own.

- 2 Tho' we're mean in man's opinion,
 He hath made us priests and ki
 Pow'r, and glory, and dominion,
 To the Lamb the sinner sings.
 Leprous souls, unsound and filthy
 Come before him as you are:
 'Tis the sick man, not the healthy
 Needs the good physician's car
- 3 'Hear the terms that never vary;
 "To repent, and to believe."
 Both of these are necessary;
 Both from Jesus we receive.
 Would-be Christian, duly ponder
 These in thine impartial mind;
 And let no man put asunder
 What the Lord has wisely join'd
- 4 Oh! beware of fondly thinking
 God accepts thee for thy tears.
 Are the shipwreck'd sav'd by sinki
 Can the ruin'd rise by fears?
 Oh! beware of trust ill grounded;
 'Tis but fancied faith at most;
 To be cur'd, and not be wounded;
 To be sav'd before you're lost
- 5 No big words of ready talkers,
 No dry doctrine, will suffice:
 Broken hearts, and humble walkers
 These are dear in Jesus eyes.
 Tinkling sounds of disputation,
 Naked knowledge, all are va
 Ev'ry soul that gains salvation
 Must and shall be born aga

Another.

P A R T I.

ask th' important question,
 then, be not too secure)
 is to be a Christian?
 we may our hearts assure?
 all our best devotion,
 false foundations built:
 igion's more than notion;
 thing must be known and felt.

ust our Well-beloved
 blood has wash'd us clean.
 ope our guilt's removed,
 we feel it rise within.
 ve that all is finish'd,
 so much remains t'endure;
 e dangers undiminish'd,
 o hold deliv'rance sure.

redit contradictions;
 with him one never sees;
 groan beneath afflictions,
 o dread the thoughts of ease.
 eel the fight against us,
 he vict'ry hope to gain;
 ve that Christ has cleans'd us,
 gh the leprosy remain.

ear the Holy Spirit
 oting us to secret pray'r,
 e in Jesu's merit,
 tinual sorrow bear.

To receive a full remission
 Of our sins for evermore ;
 Yet to sigh with sore contrition,
 Begging mercy ev'ry hour.

- 5 To be steadfast in believing ;
 Yet to tremble, fear, and quake
 Ev'ry moment be receiving
 Strength, and yet be always wea
 To be fighting, fleeing, turning ;
 Ever sinking, yet to swim.
 To converse with Jesus, mourning
 For ourselves, or else for him.

PART II.

- 1 **G**REAT High Priest, we view th
 With our names upon thy bre
 In the garden, groaning, drooping
 To the ground with horrors pres
 Weeping angels stood confounded
 To behold their maker thus.
 And can we remain unwounded,
 When we know 'twas all for us ?

- 2 On the cross thy body broken
 Cancels ev'ry penal tie.
 Tempted souls, produce this token
 All demands to satisfy.
 All is finish'd ; do not doubt it ;
 But believe your dying Lord ;
 Never reason more about it ;
 Only take him at his word.

- 3 *Lord, we fain would trust thee -*
'Twas for us thy blood was

bridegroom, take us wholly ;
 and make us what thou wilt.
 born the bitter sentence
 man's devoted race.
 and true repentance
 gifts, thou God of grace.

The Wish.

and ashes might presume,
 God, to talk to thee ;
 presence can be room
 stinging worms like me ;
 would my wish present,
 needs I have none ;
 sires are now content
 compriz'd in one.

not sue for length of days,
 power, or for wealth ;
 which far surpasseth these,
 rupted health.
 not ask a monarch's heir
 seller to be ;
 wisdom I would share,
 or pedigree.

or strength would I request,
 either I condemn ;
 I petition to be blest
 that transcendeth them.
 that angels might convey
 I this night to heav'n :

Thy time with patience I can stay,
 Since all my sin's forgiv'n.

4 Nor would I crave in highest state
 At thy right hand to sit ;
 (The suit of Zeb'dee's sons) for that
 I new myself unfit.
 Nor in thy church on earth would strive
 A pompous post to fill ;
 For fear I might not well perceive,
 Or fail to do, thy will.

5 The single boon I would entreat
 Is, to be led by thee
 To gaze upon thy bloody sweat
 In sad Gethsemane.
 To view (as I could bear at least)
 Thy tender broken heart,
 Like a rich olive, bruised and prest
 With agonizing smart.

6 To see thee bow'd beneath my guilt,
 Intolerable load !
 To see thy blood for sinners spilt,
 My groaning, gasping God !
 With sympathizing grief to mourn
 The sorrows of thy soul ;
 The pangs and tortures by thee born
 In some degree condole.

7 There, musing on thy mighty love,
 I always would remain ;
 Or but to Golgotha remove,
 And thence return again.
*In each dear place the same rich scene
 Should ever be renew'd ;*

object else should intervenge,
But all be love and blood.

For this one favour oft I've sought;
And, if this one be giv'n,
Seek on earth no happier lot,
And hope the like in heav'n.
And, pardon what I ask amiss;
For knowledge I have none.
But humbly speak my wish;
And may thy will be done

58

Pride.

INNUMERABLE foes
Attack the child of God;
Feels within the weight of sin,
Grievous gallied load!

Temptations too without,
Of various kinds, assault;
Snares beset his trav'ling feet,
And makes him often halt.

From sinner and from saint
He meets with many a blow:
His own bad heart creates him smart,
Which only God can know,

Yet, tho' the host of hell
Neither weak nor small,
The mighty foe deals dang'rous woe,
He hurts beyond them all.

- 5 'Tis pride, accursed pride !
That spirit by God abhor'd :
Do what we will, it haunts us still,
And keeps us from the Lord.
- 6 It blows its pois'nous breath,
And bloats the soul with air ;
The heart up-lifts with God's own
And makes ev'n grace a snare.
- 7 Awake—nay, while we sleep,
In all we think or speak,
It puffs us glad, torments us sad ;
Its hold we cannot break.
- 8 In other ills we find
The hand of Heav'n not slack
Pride only knows to interpose,
And keeps our comfort back.
- 9 'Tis hurtful when perceiv'd ;
When not perceiv'd 'tis worse :
Unseen or seen it dwells within,
And works by fraud or force.
- 10 Against its influence pray
It mingles with the pray'r ;
Against it preach, it prompts the s
Be silent, still 'tis there.
- 11 This moment, while I write,
I feel its pow'r within ;
My heart is drawn to seek ap
And mixes all with sin.
- 12 Thou meek and lowly La
This haughty tyrant kill :

ounded thee, though thou wast free,
 grieves thy Spirit still.

r condescending God,
 whom else shall we go?
 ove our pride, whate'er betide;
 id lay and keep us low.

hy garden is the place
 Where pride cannot intrude;
 , should it dare to enter there,
 'Twould soon be drown'd in blood.

The High Priest.

WHEN Aaron in the holiest place
 Atonement made for Israel's race,
 he names of all their tribes exprest
 he wore conspicuous on his breast,
 twelve letter'd stones with sculpture bold,
 deep seated in the wounded gold,
 flow'd on the breastplate richly bright,
 and beam'd characteristic light. 4

his hands a golden censer held,
 With burning coals and incense fill'd;
 Which clouded all the holy room
 With od'rous streams of rich perfume.

and, lest the priest the place defile,
 A costly consecrating oil,
 With mingled gums and spices sweet,
 lad for his office made him meet.

The liquid compound from his head
 Its unctuous odours downward spread
 Delicious drops, like balmy dews,
 O'er all the man their sweets diffus'd
 Array'd in hallow'd vests he stood,
 Sprinkled with holy oil and blood.
 The tabernacle's sacred frame.
 And all within it, shar'd the same.

- 7 So, when our great Melchisedec
 The true atonement came to make,
 A holy oil anoints Him too,
 Richer than Aaron ever knew.
- 8 His body, bath'd in sweat and blood
 Shower'd on the ground a purple flood
 The rich effusion copious ran,
 To glad the heart of God and man.
- 9 Deep in his breast engrav'd he bore
 Our names, with ev'ry penal score;
 Ween prest to earth he prostrate lay
 Shock'd at the sum, yet prompt to say
- 10 The fragrant incense of his pray'r
 To heav'n went up thro' yielding
 Perfum'd the throne of God on high
 And calm'd offended Majesty.

60

Election.

- 2 **M**IGHTY enemies without
 Much mightier within
 Thoughts we cannot quell
 Blasphemously obscene

Coldness, unbelief, and pride,
Hell, and all its murd'rous train;
Threaten'd death on ev'ry side,
And have their thousands slain.

Thus pursu'd, and thus distress,
Oh! whither shall we fly?
To obtain the promis'd rest,
On what sure hand rely?
Shall the Christian trust his heart?
That, alas! of foes the worst,
Always takes the tempter's part;
Nay, often tempts him first.

To-day we be sincere,
And can both watch and pray;
Watchfulness, perhaps, and pray'r,
To-morrow may decay.
We now believe aright,
Faithfulness is God's alone.
We are feeble, fickle, light,
To changes ever prone.

But we build on a base
That nothing can remove,
When we trust electing grace
And everlasting love.
Vict'ry over all our foes
Christ has purchas'd with his blood;
Perseverance he bestows
On ev'ry child of God.

Another.

- 1 **W**HEN we pray, or when we sing,
 Or read, or speak, or hear,
 Or do any holy thing,
 Be this our constant care,
 With a fixt habitual faith
 Jesus Christ to keep in view,
 Trusting wholly in his death
 In all we ask or do.
- 2 Holiness is all its parts,
 Affections plac'd above,
 Self-abhorrence, contrite hearts,
 Humility and love;
 Ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
 All that bears the name of good,
 Perseverance in our race,
 We draw from Jesu's blood.
- 3 Lamb of God, in thee we trust,
 On thy fixt love depend;
 Thou art faithful, true, and just,
 And lovest to the end:
 Heav'n and earth shall pass away,
 But thy word shall firm abide:
 That's thy children's stedfast stay
 When all things fail beside.

Christ in the Garden.

- 1 **C**OME hither, ye that fain would know
 Th' exceeding sinfulness of sin;
 Come see a scene of matchless woe,
 And tell me what it all can mean.

I the darling Son of God
 'd down with horror to the ground,
 ; at the heart, and sweating blood,
 eyes in tears of sorrow drown'd !
 w the victim panting lies,
 soul with bitter anguish prest !
 hs, he faints, he groans, he cries,
 nay'd, dejected, shock'd, distress ;
 pangs are these that tear his heart ?
 it burden's this that's on him laid ?
 means this agony of smart ?
 it makes our Maker hang his head ?
 stice with its iron rod,
 cting stokes of wrath divine ;
 e vindictive hand of God,
 ns'd at all your sins and mine.
 n his breast our names were cut ;
 undertook our desp'rate debt.
 oads of guilt were on him put,
 could but just sustain the weight.
 et us not ourselves deceive :
 while of sin we lightly deem,
 ver notions we may have,
 ed we are not much like him.

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The Crucifixion.

I from the garden to the cross
 et us attend the Lamb of God.
 things else accounted dross,
 par'd with sin-attoning blood.

2 See how the patient Jesus stands,
Insulted in his lowest case!
Sinners have bound th' Almighty's ha
And spit in their Creators face.

3 With thorns his temples gor'd and g
Send streams of blood from ev'ry
His back's with knotted scourges la
But sharper scourges tear his hea

4 Nail'd naked to th'accursed wood,
Expos'd to earth and heav'n ab
A spectacle of wounds and blood,
A prodigy of injur'd love!

5 Hark! how his doleful cries affri
Affected angels, while they vie
His friends forsook him in the ni
And now his God forsakes him

6 Oh, what a field of battle's her
Vengeance and love their po
Never was such a mighty pair;
Never were two such desp'r

7 Behold that pale, that languid
That drooping head, those
Behold, in sorrow and disgra
Our conqu'ring Hero hang

8 Ye that assume his sacred n
Now tell me, what can al
What was it bruis'd God's l
What was it pierc'd his s

9 Blush, Christian, blush; le
If sin affects thee not v

ver spirit be in thee found,
 Spirit of Christ thou dost not know.

Lord have I righteousness and strength
Isa. xlv. 24.

FAITH in Jesus can repel
 The darts of sin and death;
 Faith gives vict'ry over hell:
 But who can give us faith?
 Hope in Christ the soul revives,
 Supports the spirits when they droop;
 Hope celestial comfort gives:
 But who can give us hope?

Love to Jesus Christ and his
 Fixes the heart above;
 Love gives everlasting bliss
 But who can give us love?
 To believe the gift of God,
 Well-grounded hope he sends from heav'n
 Love's the purchase of his blood;
 To all his children giv'n.

3 Jesus, from thy boundless store,
 Thy treasures of grace,
 On thy feeble followers pour
 Thy righteousness and peace;
 Of thy righteousness alone
 Continual mention we will make;
 We have nothing of our own:
 But soul and all's at stake.

Man's Righteousness.

MAN, bewail thy situation:
Hell-born sin,
Once crept in,

Mars God's fair creation.

2 Vaunt thy native strength no longer;
Vain's thy boast;
All is lost;

Sin and death are stronger.

3 Enemies to God and goodness,
Great and small,
Since the fall,

Sink in lust and lewdness.

4 If to this thou art a stranger,
While thou liest
Out of Christ

Greater is thy danger.

5 Trust not to thy smooth behaviour;
All's deceit:

And the cheat
Keeps thee from the Saviour.

6 Oft we're best when dangers fright
Jesus came
To reclaim

Sinners, not the righteous.

7 Sick men feel their bad condition
But the soul
That is whole

Slight the good Physician.

The Lindsey-woolsey Garment.

MARK is he whose eye's not single.

Foolish man

Never can

all with heaven mingle.

Ev'ry thing we do we sin in.

Chosen Jews

Must not use

woollen mixt with linen.

God is holy in his nature;

And by that

Needs must hate

us in ev'ry creature.

Finite in truth and justice,

He surveys

All our ways;

Shows in whom our trust is.

Partial service in his loathing:

He requires

Pure desires:

Not the heart, or nothing.

As we think of reconciling

Black with white,

Dark with light,

It is but self-beguiling.

Righteousness to full perfection

Must be brought,

Lacking nought,

Withoutless of rejection.

Christ's Righteousness.

RIGHTEOUSNESS to the believer,
 Freely giv'n,
 Comes from heav'n,

God himself the giver.

1 Christ has wrought this mighty wonder:
 God and man

By him can
 Meet, and never sunder.

3 All the law in human nature
 He fulfill'd;
 Reconcil'd

Creature and Creator.

4 Ev'ry one, without exemption,
 That believes,
 Now receives

Absolute redemption.

Robes of righteousness imputed,
 White and whole,
 Clothe the soul,

Each exactly suited.

6 'Tis a way of God's own finding;
 'Tis his act;

And the pact*
 Cannot but be binding.

7 Here is no prevarication;
 Justice stands,

And demands
 Full and free salvation.

* Covenant,

The Saint's Inheritance.

PERFECT holiness of spirit
 Saints above,
 Full of love,
 In the Lamb inherit.
 In inheritance, believer,
 Faith alone,
 Makes thy own,
 And sure for ever.
 'twas thine from everlasting;
 But the bliss
 Of it is
 Given to thee by tasting.
 'thou here receive but little;
 Scarce enough
 For the proof
 Of thy proper title;
 Of thy claim through all unfitness;
 Sue it out,
 Spurning doubt;
 Holy Ghost's thy witness.
 Of the will of his own sealing;
 Title good,
 Sign'd with blood,
 Given and unfailing.
 In thy title thou discernest,
 Humbly then
 Sue again
 In continual earnest.

But it is good for me to draw near to God
Psalm lxxiii. 28.

- 1 **A**S when a child, secure of harms,
 Hangs at the mother's breast,
 Safe folded in her anxious arms,
 Receiving food and rest:—
 And, while through many a painful path
 The trav'ling parent speeds,
 The fearless babe, with passive faith,
 Lies still, and yet proceeds.
- 2 Should some short start his quiet break,
 He fondly strives to fling
 His little arms about her neck,
 And seems to closer cling.
 Poor child, maternal love alone
 Preserves the first and last ;
 Thy parent's arms, and not thy own,
 Are those that hold thee fast.—
- 3 So souls that would to Jesus cleave,
 And hear his secret call,
 Must ev'ry fair pretension leave,
 And let the Lord be all.
 "Keep close to me, thou helpless sheep,"
 The Shepherd softly cries.
 "Lord, tell me what 'tis close to keep,"
 The list'ning sheep replies.
- 4 "Thy whole dependence on me fix ;
 "Nor entertain a thought
 "Thy worthless schemes with mine to"
 "But venture to be nought.

and self-direction is a shelf;
 Thy strength, thy wisdom, flee :
 When thou art nothing in thyself,
 Thou then art close to me."

Temptation.

tempted souls, reflect
 Whose name 'tis you profess ;
 Master's lot you must expect,
 Temptations more or less.

Not of faith so clear
 shuts all doubting out ;
 Remember how the devil could dare
 tempt ev'n Christ to doubt.

Thou'rt the Son of God
 what an IF was there !
 These stones here, speak them into food,
 and make thy sonship clear."

That amazing scene !
 How, could the temptor try
 To make a tree so sound, so green ?
 O God, defend the dry.

Not he now will fail
 make us shrink and droop.
 With he daily will assail,
 And dash our very hope.

Impious IF he thus
 God incarnate threw,

No wonder if he casts at us,
And make us feel it too.

7 To cause despair's the scope
Of Satan and his pow'rs
Against hope to believe in hope;
My brethren, must be ours.

8 Buts, ifs, and hows, are hurl'd
To sink us with the gloom
Of all that's dismal in this world,
Or in the world to come.

9 But here's our point of rest ;
Tho' hard the battles seem,
Our Captain stood the fiery test,
And we shall stand thro' him.

The Prodigal.

1 **N**OW for a wond'rous song.
(Keep distant, ye profane ;
Be silent each unhallow'd tongue,
Nor turn the truth to bane.)

2 The prodigal's return'd ;
Th' apostate bold and base ;
That all his Father's counsels spurn'
And long abus'd his grace.

3 What treatment since he came ?
Love tenderly exprest.
What robe is brought to hide
The best, the very best.

food the servants bring ;
 t music charms his ears ;
 it a beauteous costly ring
 eggar's finger wears !

der sons, be still ;
 no bad passion vent :
 thren, 'tis our Father's will,
 you must be content.

hat he has is your's :
 ice then, not repine.
 ve that all your state secures,
 love has alter'd mine.

d God, are these thy ways ?
 bels thus are freed,
 vour'd with peculiar grace,
 e must be free indeed.

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prings are in thee. Psalm lxxxvii. 7.

SS the Lord, my soul, and raise
 glad and grateful song
 dear Redeemer's praise,
 I to him belong.

goodness, strength, and God,
 hom I live, and move, and am,
 y ransom with his blood :
 portion is the Lamb.

emptations seldom cease,
 ' frequent griefs I feel,
 s Spirit whispers peace,
 he is with me still.

Weak of body, sick in soul,
Deprest at heart, and faint with fears,
His dear presence makes me whole,
And with comfort cheers.

- 3 O my Jesus, thou art mine,
With all thy grace and pow'r;
I am now, and shall be thine
When time shall be no more.
Thou reviv'st me by thy death;
Thy blood from guilt has set me free;
My fresh springs of hope, and faith,
And love, are all in thee.

If there arise among you a prophet, or a dreamer of dreams, &c. Deut. xiii. 1, &c.

- 1 NO prophet, nor dreamer of dreams,
No master of plausible speech,
To live like an angel who seems,
Or like an apostle to preach;
No temptor, without or within,
No spirit, tho' ever so bright,
That comes crying out against sin,
And looks like an angel of light;
- 2 Tho' reason, though fitness, he urge,
Or plead with the words of a friend,
Or wonders of argument forge,
Or deep revelations pretend;
Should meet with a moment's regard,
But rather be boldly withstood,

If any thing, easy or hard,
 He teach, save the Lamb and his blood.
 Remember, O Christian, with heed,
 When sunk under sentence of death,
 How first thou from bondage wast freed ;
 Say, was it by works, or by faith ?
 On Christ thy affections was fixt,
 What conjugal truth didst thou vow !
 With him was there any thing mixt ?
 Then what would'st thou mix with him
 now ?

If close to thy Lord thou would'st cleave,
 Depend on his promise alone.
 His righteousness would'st thou receive ?
 Then learn to renounce all thy own.
 The faith of a Christian indeed
 Is more than mere notion or whim ;
 United to Jesus, his head,
 He draws life and virtue from him.
 Deceiv'd by the father of lies,
 Blind guides cry, Lo here ! and Lo there !
 By these our Redeemer us tries,
 And warns us of such to beware.
 Poor comfort to mourners they give,
 Who set us to labour in vain ;
 And strive, with a " Do this and live,"
 To drive us to Egypt again.

But what says our Shepherd divine ?
 (For his blessed word we should keep)
 " This flock has my Father made mine* ;
 " I lay down my life for my sheep †.

"'Tis life everlasting I give* :
" My blood was the price that it cost †
" Not one that on me shall believe †
" Shall ever be finally lost."

7 This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend ;
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end
'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come

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*Believe in the Lord your God ; so shall
be established.* 2 Chron. xx. 20

1 **L**ORD, we lie before thy feet ;
Look on all our deep distress
Thy rich mercy may we meet :
Clothe us with thy righteousness
Stretch forth thy almighty hand :
Hold us up, and we shall stand.

2 Shame, and fear, and pain, we feel
Viewing our unstable hearts.
How we wander, waver, reel !
Only wise by fits and starts.
Thou art truth : but what are we
Fickle fools, and false to thee

3 Oh, that closer we could cleave
To thy bleeding, dying love

* John x. 28. † Ver. 11.

Give us firmly to believe,
 And to enter into rest.
 Lord, increase, increase our faith;
 Make us faithful unto death.

- 4** Make thy mighty wonders known;
 Let us see thy suff'rings plain;
 Let us hear thee sigh and groan,
 Till we sigh and groan again.
 Rend, O rend the veil between;
 Open wide the bloody scene.
- 5** Let us, with a stedfast faith,
 View our dear incarnate God,
 Shudd'ring in the arms of death,
 Bow'd beneath our nature's load.
 Make our union with thee clear;
 Perfect love, and cast out fear.
- 6** Let us trust thee evermore;
 Ev'ry moment on thee call
 For new life, new will, new pow'r;
 Let us trust thee, Lord, for all.
 May we nothing know beside
 Jesus, and him crucified.

us oft-times resorted thither with his disciples.
 John xviii. 2.

- 1** **J**ESUS. while he dwelt below,
 As divine historians say,
 To a place would often go;
 Near to Kedron's brook it lay.

this place he lov'd to be,
 And 'twas nam'd Gethsemane.

was a garden, as we read,
 At the foot of Olivet,

low, and proper to be made
 The Redeemer's lone retreat.

When from noise he would be free,
 Then he sought Gethsemane.

Thither, by the master brought,
 His disciples likewise came;

There the heav'nly truths he taught
 Often set their hearts on flame.

Therefore they, as well as he,
 Visited Gethsemane.

4 Here they oft conversing sat,
 Or might join with Christ in pray'r
 Oh, what blest devotion's that,
 When the Lord himself is there!
 All things to them seem'd t' agree
 To endear Gethsemane.

5 Here no strangers durst intrude;
 But the Prince of peace could sit,
 Cheer'd with sacred solitude,
 Wrapt in contemplation sweet.
 Yet how little could they see
 Why he chose Gethsemane!

6 Full of love to man's lost race,
 On his conflict much he thought
 This he knew the destin'd place:
 And he lov'd the sacred spot.
 Therefore 'twas he lik'd to be
 Often in Gethsemane.

They t
 Ha
 And
 L
 Lov
 M
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is followers, with the rest,
 incurr'd the wrath divine;
 eir Lord, with pity prest,
 g'd to bear their loads—and mine.
 o them, and love to me,
 him love Gethsemane.

woes had he endur'd,
 y sore temptations met,
 i, and to pains inur'd:
 the sorest trial yet
 o be sustain'd in thee,
 y sad Gethsemane!

at length the dreadful night.
 geance with it's iron rod
 and with collected might
 is'd the harmless Lamb of God.
 y soul, thy Saviour see,
 ing in Gethsemane!

him in that olive press,
 eez'd and wrung till whelm'd in blood!
 hy Maker's deep distress!
 r the sighs and groans of God—
 effect what sin must be,
 g on Gethsemane.

disciples, tell me now
 ere's the love ye lately had?
 's that faith ye all could vow?—
 this hour is too—too sad!
 ot now for such as ye
 port Gethsemane.

hat wonders love has done!
 how little understood!

God well knows, and God alone,
 What produc'd that sweat of blood.
 Who can thy deep wonders see,
 Wonderful Gethsemane?

- 13 There my God bore all my guilt :
 This thro' grace can be believ'd :
 But the horrors which he felt
 Are too vast to be conceiv'd.
 None can penetrate thro' thee,
 Doleful, dark Gethsemane !
- 14 Gloomy garden on thy beds,
 Wash'd by Kedron's waters foul,
 Grow most rank and bitter weeds :
 Think on these my faithful soul.
 Would'st thou sin's dominion flee?
 Call to mind Gethsemane.
- 15 Sinners, vile like me, and lost,
 (If there's one so vile as I)
 Leave more righteous souls to boast ;
 Leave them, and to refuge fly.
 We may well bless that decree
 Which ordain'd Gethsemane.
- 16 We can hope no healing hand,
 Lep'rous quite throughout with sin.
 Loath'd incurable we stand,
 Crying out, Unclean, unclean !
 Help there's none for such as we,
 But in dear Gethsemane.
- 17 Eden, from each flow'ry bed,
 Did for man short sweetness breathe.
 Soon, by Satan's counsel led,
 Man wrought sin. and sin wrought !

But of life the healing tree
Grows in rich Gethsemane.

Hither, Lord, thou didst resort
Oft-times with thy little train ;
Here would'st keep thy private court :
Oh ! confer that grace again.
Lord, resort with worthless me
Oft-times to Gethsemane.

True, I can't deserve to share
In a favour so divine.
But, since sin first fix'd thee there,
None have greater sins than mine :
And to this my woeful plea
Witness thou, Gethsemane.

Sins against a holy God ;
Sins against his righteous laws ;
Sins against his love, his blood ;
Sins against his name and cause ;
Sins immense as is the sea—
Hide me, O Gethsemane !

Here's my claim, and here alone ;
None a Saviour more can need ;
Deeds of righteousness I've none ;
No, not one good work to plead.
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.

Saviour, all the stones remove
From my flinty frozen heart ;
Thaw it with the beams of love,
Pierce it with the blood-dipt dart
Wound the heart that wounded thee ;
Melt it in Gethsemane.

- 23 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One almighty God of love,
 Hymn'd by all the heav'nly host
 In thy shining courts above,
 We poor sinners, gracious Thro',
 Bless thee for Gethsemane.

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*The inestimable Benefits of Christ's 1
 ferred from the Excellency of his P*

PART I.

- 1 **T**HE things on earth which men es
 And of their richness boast,
 In value less or greater seem,
 Proportion'd to their cost.
- 2 The diamond, that's for thousands s
 Our admiration draws.
 For dust men seldom part with gold,
 Or barter pearls for straws.
- 3 Then what inestimable worth
 Must in these crowns appear,
 For which the Lord came down to e
 And bought for us so dear !
- 4 The Father dearly loves the Son,
 And rates his merits high.
 For no mean cause he sent him down
 To suffer, grieve, and die.
- 5 The blessings from his death that fl
 So little we esteem,
 Only because we slightly know,
 And meanly value him.

was our Creator for us bled,
 The Lord of life and pow'r;
 From angels worship, devils dread,
 God blest for evermore.

! could we but with clearer eyes
 His excellencies trace,
 Would we his person learn to prize,
 We more should prize his grace.

PART II

AND did the darling Son of God
 For sinners deign to bleed?
 The purchase of that precious blood
 Must needs be rich indeed.

God's wisdom would not pay for toys
 So great a price as this.
 His godlike glory, boundless joys,
 'Tis unexampled bliss.

Hearts raise your expectations high;
 Hope all that heav'n has good.
 Think what the blood of Christ can buy;
 Invaluable blood!

Ye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor can the heart conceive,
 What blessings are for them prepar'd
 Who in the Lord believe.

For others, for their virtue fair,
 Let rich rewards be sought:
 Give me, my God, to freely share
 What thou hast dearly bought.

*Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and
 righteousness, and sanctification, and re
 1 Cor. i. 30.*

1 **B**ELIEVERS own they are but bl
 They know themselves unwise;
 But wisdom in the Lord they find,
 Who opens all their eyes.

2 Unrighteous are they all, when tried
 But God himself declares
 In Jesus they are justified;
 His righteousness is theirs.

3 That we're unholy needs no proof;
 We sorely feel the fall;
 But Christ has holiness enough
 To sanctify us all.

4 Expos'd by sin to God's just wrath,
 We look to Christ, and view
 Redemption in his blood by faith,
 And full redemption too.

5 Some this, some that good virtue to
 To rectify the soul;
 But we first after Jesus reach,
 And richly grasp the whole.

6 To Jesus join'd, we all that's good
 From him our head derive;
 We eat his flesh, and drink his blo
 And by and in him live.

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And the Lord shut him in. Gen. vii. 16.

WHEN Noah, with his favour'd few,
Was order'd to embark;
Eight human souls, a little crew,
Enter'd on board his ark.

So ev'ry part he might secure
With bar, or bolt, or pin;
To make the preservation sure,
Jehovah shut him in.

When the waters then might swell their tides,
The billows rage and roar;
They could not stave th' assailed sides,
Nor burst the batter'd door.

So souls that into Christ believe,
Quickened by lively faith,
Eternal life at once receives,
And never shall see death.

In his own heart the Christian puts
No trust; but builds his hopes
On him that opes, and no man shuts,
And shuts, and no man opes.

In Christ his ark he safely rides,
Not wreck'd by death nor sin.
How is it he so fast abides?
The Lord has shut him in.

Difference and Degrees of Faith

- 1 **H**E that believeth Christ the Lord
Who shed for man his blood,
By giving credence to his word,
Exalts the truth of God.
So far he's right; but let him know,
Farther than this he yet must go.
- 2 He that believes on Jesus Christ
Has a much better faith;
His Prophet now becomes his Priest
And saves him by his death.
By Christ he finds his sins forgiv'n;
And Christ has made him heir of heav'n.
- 3 But he that into Christ believes,
What a rich faith has he!
In Christ he moves, and acts, and li-
From self and bondage free.
He hath the Father and the Son,
For Christ and he are now but one.
- 4 Till we attain to this rich faith,
Tho' safe, we are not sound.
Tho' we are sav'd from guilt and woe,
Perfection is not found.
Lord, make our union closer yet,
And let the marriage be complete.

*hou hast guided them in thy strength unto thy
holy habitation. Exod. xv. 13.*

MISTAKEN men may hawl
Against the Grace of God,
And threat with final fall
The purchase of his blood;
But, tho' they own the Saviour's name,
From him such gospel never came.

Shall babes in Christ, bereft
Of God's rich gift of faith,
Be to their own will left,
And sin the sin to death?
Shall any child of God be lost,
And Satan cheat the Holy Ghost?

Dark unbelief and pride,
With pharisaic zeal,
We lay you all aside,
And trust a surer zeal;
We rest our souls on Jesu's word,
And give the glory to the Lord.

Led forth by God's free grace,
And guided in his pow'r,
We reach his holy place,
And live for evermore.
'Twas this place Moses had in view;
Of this he sang, and we sing too.

M

*The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger
they that seek the Lord shall not want
good thing. Psalm xxxiv. 10.*

1 **Y**E lambs of Christ's fold,
Ye weaklings in faith,
Who long to lay hold
On life by his death ;
Who fain would believe him,
And in your best room
Would gladly receive him,
But fear to presume ;

2 Remember one thing—
(O may it sink deep !)
Our Shepherd and King
Cares much for his sheep,
To trust him endeavour ;
The work is his own ;
He makes the believer,
And gives him his crown,

2 Those feeble desires,
Those wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires,
And bids you still seek,
His Spirit will cherish
The life he first gave ;
You never shall perish
If Jesus can save.

4 Proud lions, that boast
When lusty and young,

Soon find, to their cost,
 Self-confidence wrong;
 Tormented with hunger,
 They feel their strength vain;
 For famine is stronger,
 And gnaws them with pain.

5 But lambs are preserv'd,
 Tho' helpless in kind;
 When lions are starv'd,
 They nourishment find.
 Their Shepherd upholds them,
 When faint, in his arms;
 And feeds them, and folds them,
 And guards them from harms.

6 Tho' sometimes we see
 The case is not thus:
 Bad shepherds will flee;
 Yet what's that to us?
 The Shepherd that chose us
 Must surely be good,
 Who rather than lose us
 Would shed his heart's blood.

7 Blest soul, that can say,
 "Christ only I seek:"
 Wait for him alway;
 Be constant, tho' weak.
 The Lord, whom thou seekest,
 Will not tarry long;
 And to him the weakest
 Is dear as the strong.

He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness. Isa. lxi. 10.

- 1 **O**F all the creatures God has made,
There is but man alone
That stands in need to be array'd
In cov'rings not his own.
- 2 By nature bears, and bulls, and swine,
With fowls of ev'ry wing,
Are much more warm, more safe, more fit
Than man, their fallen king.
- 3 Naked and weak, we want a screen:
But, when with clothes we're deck'd,
Not only lies our shame unseen,
But we command respect.
- 4 Can sinful souls then stand unclad
Before God's burning throne,
All bare; or (what is quite as bad)
In cov'rings of their own?
- 5 Rich garments must be worn to grace
The marriage of the Lamb;
Not nasty rags, to stink the place,
Nor nakedness to shame.

Robes of imputed righteousness
Will gain us God's esteem;
No naked pride, no fig-leaf dress,
How fair soe'er it seem.

- 7 'Tis call'd a robe, perhaps to m

It grows not native, like our skin,
But is by faith put on.

A sinner cloth'd in this rich vest,
And garments wash'd in blood,
Is render'd fit with Christ to feast,
And be the guest of God.

Free Grace.

1 **Y**E children of God,
By faith in his Son,
Redeem'd by his blood,
And with him made one,
This union with wonder
And rapture be seen,
Which nothing shall sunder
Without or within.

2 This pardon, this peace,
Which none can destroy ;
This treasure of grace,
This heavenly joy ;
The worthless may crave it--
It always comes free ;
The vilest may have it,
'Twas given to me.

3 'Tis not for good deeds,
Good tempers, nor frames ;
From grace it proceeds,
And all is the Lamb's.
No goodness, no fitness,
Expects he from us :

This I can well witness,
For none could be worse.

- 4 Sick sinner, expect
No balm but Christ's blood :
Thy own works reject,
The bad and the good.
None ever miscarry
That on him rely,
Tho' filthy as Mary*,
Manasseh, or I.

84

God's various Dealings with his Children

- 1 **H**OW hard and rugged is the way
To some poor pilgrims feet;
In all they do, or think, or say,
They opposition meet.
- 2 Others again more smoothly go,
Secur'd from hurts and harms ;
Their Saviour leads them gently thro',
Or bears them in his arms.
- 3 Faith and repentance all must find :
But yet we daily see
They differ in their time and kind,
Duration and degree.
- 4 Some long repent, and late believe ;
But, when their sin's forgiv'n,

* Mary Magdalen.

earer passport they receive,
 and walk with joy to heav'n.

ir pardon some receive at first;
 and then, compell'd to fight,
 y feel their latter stages worst,
 and travel much by night.

be our conflicts short or long,
 his commonly is true,
 t, wheresoever faith is strong,
 epentance is so too.

85

Dependance on Christ alone.

ever it should come to pass
 'hat sheep of Christ might fall away,
 fickle feeble soul, alas!
 ould fall a thousand times a day.
 e not thy love as firm as free,
 i soon would'st take it, Lord, from me.

thy promises depend,
 t least I to depend desire)
 , thou wilt love me to the end;
 : with me in temptation's fire;
 for me work, and in me too,
 guide me right, and bring me through.

ther stay have I beside;
 these can alter I must fall.
 k to thee to be supply'd
 'h life, with will, with pow'r, with all.

Rich souls may glory in their stor
But Jesus will relieve the poor.

*In that day there shall be a fountain o
house of David, and to the inhabita
salem, for sin and for uncleanness. 1*

1 **T**HE fountain of Christ
Assist me to sing,
The blood of our Priest,
Our crucified King ;
Which perfectly cleanses
From sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses
Salvation and health.

2 This fountain so dear
He'll freely impart ;
Unlock'd by the spear,
It gush'd from his heart,
With blood and with water ;
The first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter ;
The fountain's but one.

3 This fountain is such,
As thousands can tell
The moment we touch
It's streams we are well.
All waters beside them
Are full of the curse ;
For all that have try'd them

This fountain, sick soul.
Recovers the quite ;
Bathe here, and be whole ;
Wash here, and be white.
Whatever diseases
Or dangers befall,
The fountain of Jesus
Will rid thee of all.

This fountain from guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt,
Infallible cure ;
But, if guilt removed
Return, and remain,
It's pow'r may be proved
Again and again.

This fountain, unseal'd,
Stands open for all
That long to be heal'd
The great and the small,
Here's strength for the weakly,
That hither are led ;
Here's health for the sickly ;
Here's life for the dead.

This fountain, tho' rich,
From charge is quite clear :
The poorer the wretch
The welcomer here.
Come needy, come guilty,
Come loathsome and bare ;
You can't come too filthy—
Come just as you are.

8 This fountain in vain
 Has never been try'd ;
 It takes out all stain
 Whenever apply'd.
 The water flows sweetly,
 With virtue divine,
 To cleanse souls completely,
 Tho' leprous as mine.

Christ the Christian's only Help.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS God, thy children keep.
 Jesus, guide thy silly sheep.
 Fix, oh ! fix our fickle souls.
 Lord, direct us ; we are fools.
- 2 Bid us in thy care confide.
 Keep us near thy wounded side.
 From thee let us never stir,
 For thou know'st how soon we err.
- 3 Lay us low before thy feet,
 Safe from pride and self-conceit.
 Be the language of our souls,
 " Lord, protect us ; we are fools."
- 4 We are fools ; but thou art wise.
 Son of David, ope our eyes.
 Hold thy lambs secure from harms
 In thy everlasting arms.
- 5 Oh ! defend thy purchas'd flock.
 See th'insulting Ishmaels mock.
 Guard us from a world of sin ;
 Foes without, a worse within ;

rous doctrines from without;
 and errors round about;
 a within a treach'rous heart
 e to take the tempter's part.
 a upon th' unequal war;
 our, do not go too far.
 ty is the foe, and strong;
 our, do not tarry long.
 hy word we fain would steer,
 thy Spirit's dictates hear.
 e us from the rocks and shelves;
 e us chiefly from ourselves.
 er, never may we dare
 it we're not to say we are.
 e, us well our vileness know;
 p us very, very low.
 / we all our wills resign,
 te absorpt and lost in thine.
 us walk by thy right rules.
 d, instruct us; we are fools.

88

Saving Faith.

'sinner that truly believes,
 nd trust in his crucified God,
 stification receives,
 emption in full though his blood.
 ousands and thousands of foes
 inst him in malice unite,
 age he thro' Christ can oppose,
 orth by the Spirit to fight.

- 2 Not all the delusions of sin
 Shall ever seduce him to death ;
 He now has the witness within,
 United to Jesus by faith.
 This faith shall eternally fail
 When Jesus shall fall from his thro
 For hell against both must prevail,
 Since Jesus and he are but one.
- 3 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
 And brings such salvation as this,
 Is more than mere notion or name ;
 The work of God's Spirit it is :
 A principle active and young,
 That lives under pressure and load,
 That makes out of weakness more strength
 And draws the soul upward to God
- 4 It treads on the world and on hell ;
 It vanquishes death and despair ;
 And (what is still stranger to tell)
 It overcomes heaven by pray'r !
 Permits a vile worm of the dust
 With God to commune as a friend ;
 To hope his forgiveness as just,
 And look for his love to the end.
- 6 It says to the mountains, Depart,
 That stand betwixt God and the sou
 It binds up the broken in heart,
 And makes their sore consciences w
 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
 Be spotless as snow, and as white ;
 And makes such a sinner as I
 As pure as an angel of light.

*which came out of great tribulation
have washed their robes, and made
in the blood of the Lamb. Rev.*

THEN, those who come to bliss
through sore temptations,
remembering this,
faith and patience.

Bring church of Christ,
from all quarters :
'd in that red list
murder'd martyrs.

feel the load of sin,
be off victorious,
freedom within,
it seems less glorious.

Thou wilt make the soul
bad condition ;
and not the whole,
good Physician.

thy multitude,
if we were winners,
they may conclude,
wretched sinners.

pathsome in God's sight,
blood of Jesus
in robes, and made them white ;
sing his praises.

- 7 Ev'ry kindred, tongue, and tribe,
 From their tribulation
 Stand, and to the Lamb ascribe
 All their free salvation.
- 8 Let us likewise laud the Lamb;
 And in all affliction
 Count our case with theirs the same,
 Without contradiction.

90

*For the kingdom of God is not in word, but
 in power. 1 Cor. iv. 20.*

- 1 **A** FORM of word, tho' e'er so sound,
 Can never save a soul;
 The Holy Ghost must give the wound,
 And make the wounded whole.
- 2 Tho' God's election is a truth,
 Small comfort there I see,
 Till I am told by God's own mouth
 That he has chosen me.
- 3 Sinners, I read, are justified
 By faith in Jesu's blood;
 But when to me that blood's applied,
 'Tis then it does me good.
- 4 To perseverance I agree;
 The thing to me is clear,
 Because the Lord has promis'd me
 That I shall persevere.
- 5 Imputed righteousness I own
 A doctrine most divine,

Jesus to my heart makes known
 That all his merit's mine.

That Christ is God I can avouch,
 And for his people cares,
 Because I have pray'd to him as such,
 And he has heard my pray'rs.

That sinners black as hell by Christ
 Are sav'd I know full well;
 His mercy have not miss'd,
 And I am black as hell.

As Christians glorify the Lord;
 His Spirit joins with ours,
 Bearing witness to his word,
 With all its saving pow'rs.

91

*sed are they that mourn, for they shall be
 comforted. Matt. v. 4.*

CHRIST is the friend of sinners:
 Be that forgotten never.

A wounded soul,
 And not a whole,
 Becomes a true believer.
 To see sin smarts but slightly;
 To own with lip confession
 Is easier still;
 But oh! to feel
 Cuts deep beyond expression.

*Trust not to joyous fancies,
 Light hearts, or smooth behaviour.*

Sinners can say,
 And none but they,
 "How precious is the Saviour!"
 Then hail, ye happy mourners;
 How blest your state to come is!
 Ye soon will meet
 With comfort sweet;
 It is the Lord's own promise.

- 3 The contrite heart and broken
 God will not give to ruin.
 This sacrifice
 He'll not despise,
 For 'tis his Spirit's doing.
 Then hail, ye happy mourners,
 Who pass thro' tribulation:
 Sin's filth and guilt,
 Perceiv'd and felt,
 Make known God's great salvation.
- 4 Dry doctrine cannot save us,
 Blind zeal, or false devotion:
 The feeblest pray'r,
 If faith be there,
 Exceeds all empty notion.
 Then hail, ye happy mourners;
 Ye will at last be winners:
 By Jesu's blood
 The righteous God
 Is reconcil'd to sinners.

spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy.

James iv. 5.

WHAT tongue can fully tell
That Christian's grievous load,
Who would do all things well,
And walk the ways of God;
But feels within
Foul envy lurk,
And lust, and work,
Engend'ring sin!

'oor, wretched, worthless worm!
In what sad plight I stand!
When good I would perform,
Then evil is at hand.
My leprous soul
Is all unclean,
My heart obscene,
My nature foul.

To trust to Christ alone,
By thousand dangers scar'd,
And righteousness have none,
Is something very hard.
Whate'er men say,
The needy know
It must be so;
It is the way.

Thou all-sufficient Lamb,
God blest for evermore,
We glory in thy name.
For thine is all the pow'r.

Stretch forth thy hand,
And hold us fast ;
Our first and last,
In thee we stand.

*I will bear the indignation of the Lord because
I have sinned against him. Mic. vii. 9.*

1 **C**OME, ye backsliding sons of God,
(For many such there are)
Who long the paths of sin have trod,
Come, cast away despair.
Return to Jesus Christ, and see
There's mercy still for such as we.

2 True, we cannot pretend to much
Of usefulness or fruit ;
But yet, the love of Christ is such,
We still retain the root.
Returning prodigals shall find,
Tho' they are base, their Fathers kind.

3 They, who have never gone astray
Since first the Lord they knew,
Walk in a much more pleasant way,
While we our folly rue :
But, though we seem to differ thus,
They can't be perfect without us.

4 The indignation of the Lord
A while we will endure,
For we have sinn'd against his word ;
But still his grace is sure.

no man boast;
save the lost.

94

and the Truth, and the Life.
John xiv. 6.

h Christ the way,
we credit him,
ths must lead astray,
soe'er they seem.

Christ, the truth.
hat lacks this test,
rom an angel's mouth,
ic at best.

Christ, the life.
e seen by faith,
without further strife,
besides is death.

e words aver
Ghost apply,
st Christian shall not err,
eceiv'd, nor die.

95

world. 1 John ii. 16.

why these anxious fears,
pursuits, and eager cares,
all its gilded toys?
ld you could possess,

It might enchant; it could not bless :
False hopes, vain pleasures, and light

2 Remember, brethren, whose you are ;
Whose cause you own, whose name you
Is it not His, who could not call
His own (tho' he had all things made)
A place whereon to lay his head ?
A servant, tho' the Lord of all !

3 If wealth, or honour, pow'r, or fame,
Can bring you nearer to the Lamb,
Then follow these with all your might
But, if they only make you stray,
And draw your hearts from him away,
Reflect in what you thus delight.

4 Jesus hath said (who surely knew
Much better what we ought to do
Than we can e'er pretend to see)
"No thought e'en for the morrow take ;"
And, "He that will not, for my sake,
Relinquish, all's unworthy me."

5 Let no vain words your souls deceive,
Nor Satan tempt you to believe
The world and God can hold their part
True Christians long for Christ alone.
The sacrifices God will own
Are broken, not divided hearts.

6 Great things we are not here to crave ;
But, if we food and raiment have,
Should learn to be therewith content
Into the world we nothing brought ;

can we from it carry ought :
 then walk the way your Master went.

For a Public Fast.

ORD, look on all assembled here,
 Who in thy presence stand
 to offer up united pray'r
 For this our sinful land.

Let have we, each in private, pray'r
 Our country might find grace.
 Now hear the same petitions made
 In this appointed place.

Or, if amongst us some be met,
 So careless of their sin,
 They have not cry'd for mercy yet,
 Lord, let them now begin.

Thou, by whose death poor sinners live,
 By whom their pray'rs succeed,
 Thy Spirit of supplication give,
 And we shall pray indeed.

We will not slack nor, give thee rest ;
 But importune thee so,
 That, till we shall be by thee blest
 We will not let thee go.

Treat God of hosts, deliv'rance bring,
 Guide those that hold the helm
 Support the state preserve the king,
 And spare the guilty realm.

- 7 Or, should the dread decree be past,
 And we must feel thy rod,
 May faith and patience hold us fast
 To our correcting God.
- 8 Whatever be our destin'd case,
 Accept us in thy Son ;
 Give us his gospel and his grace,
 And then thy will be done.

97

For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin ; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. 2 Cor. v. 21.

- 1 **W**HEN I by faith my Maker see
 In weakness and distress,
 Brought down to that sad state for me
 Which angels can't express ;
- 2 When that great God, to whom I go
 For help, amaz'd, I view
 By sin and sorrow sunk as low
 As I—and lower too ;
- 3 (For all our sins we his may call,
 As he sustain'd their weight.
 How huge the heavy load of all,
 When only mine's so great !)
- 4 Then, ravish'd with the rich belief
 Of such a love as this,
*I'm lost in wonder, melt with grief,
 And faint beneath the bliss.*

rostrate I fall, asham'd of doubt,
 And worship love divine.
 Thus may I always be devout ;
 Be this religion mine.

In this alone I can confide ;
 Here's righteousness enough.
 What's all the boast of nature's pride ?
 What unsubstantial stuff !

Sounds of dead service, forms, and ways,
 Which some so much esteem,
 Compar'd with this stupendious grace,
 What trivial * trash they seem !

Lord, help a worthless worm so weak
 He can do nothing good.
 May all I act, or think, or speak,
 Be sprinkled with thy blood.

98

*the law was given by moſes ; but grace and
 truth came by Jeſus Chriſt. John i. 17.*

IS then the law of God untrue,
 Which he by Moſes gave ?
 No : but to take it in this view ;
 That it has pow'r to ſave,

Legal obedience were complete,
 Could we the law fulfil :
 But no man ever did ſo yet ;
 And no man ever will.

* *Mean or common.*

- 3 The law was never meant to give
 New strength to mans lost race
 We cannot act before we live ;
 And life proceeds from grace.
- 4 But grace and truth by Christ a
 To him must Moses bow,
 Grace fits the new-born soul for
 And truth informs us how.
- 5 By Christ we enter into rest,
 And triumph o'er the fall.
 Whoe'er would be completely b
 Must trust to Christ for all.

99

*Let God be true, but every man
 Rom. iii. 4.*

- 1 **T**HE God I trust
 Is true and just;
 His mercy hath no end.
 Himself hath said
 My ransom's paid ;
 And I on him depend.
- 2 Then why so sad,
 My soul? Though bad,
 Thou hast a friend that's g
 He bought the dear ;
 (Abandon fear)
 He bought thee with his b
- 3 So rich a cost
 Can ne'er be lost,

Though faith be try'd by fire ;
 Keep Christ in view
 Let God be true,
 And ev'ry man a liar.

Come, and welcome, to Jesus Christ.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity join'd with pow'r.
 He is able, he is able, he is able ;
 He is willing ; doubt no more.

O ! ye needy, come, and welcome ;
 God's free bounty glorify,
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh,
 Without money, without money, without
 money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream :
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel you, need of him ;
 This he gives you, this he gives you, this he
 gives you ;
 'Tis the Spirit's rising-beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the fall ;
 You tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all,

Not the righteous, not the righteous, no
righteous ;

Sinners Jesus came to call,

- 5 View him grov'ling in the garden ;
Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies.
On the bloody tree behold him :
Hear him cry before he dies,
It is finish'd—it is finish'd—it is finish'd!
Sinner, will not this suffice ?

- 6 Lo ! th'incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merits of his blood.
Venture on him, venture wholly ;
Let no other trust intrude.
None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none
Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.

- 7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heav'n
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Sinners here may sing the same.

*And the Lord went his way, as soon as he had
communing with Abraham ; and Abraham
turned unto his place. Gen. xviii. 83.*

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus with his mighty love
Visits my troubled breast,
My doubts subside, my fears remove,
And I'm completely blest,

love the Lord with mind and heart,
 His people, and his ways ;
 envy, and pride, and lust, depart,
 And all his works I praise.

Nothing but Jesus I esteem ;
 My soul is then sincere ;
 and ev'ry thing that's dear to him
 To me is also dear.

but ah ! when these short visits end,
 Tho' not quite left alone,
 miss the presence of my friend,
 Like one whose comfort's gone.

to my own sad place return,
 My wretched state to feel ;
 tire, and faint, and mope, and mourn,
 And am but barren still.

More frequent let thy visits be,
 Or let them longer last ;
 can do nothing without thee ;
 Make haste, my God, make haste.

102

n, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.

HOW high a priv'lege 'tis to know
 Our sins are all forgiv'n !

To bear about this pledge below,
 This special grant of heav'n !

To look on this when sunk in fears,
 While each repeated sight

like some reviving cordial cheers,
 And makes temptations light !

- 3 Oh ! what is honour, wealth, or mirth,
 To this well-grounded peace !
 How poor are all the goods of earth
 To such a gift as this !
- 4 This is a treasure rich indeed,
 Which none but Christ can give.
 Of this the best of men have need ;
 This I, the worst, receive.

Another.

- 1 **BLESSED** are they whose guilt is g
 Whose sins are wash'd away with
 Whose hope is fixt on Christ alone,
 Whom Christ hath reconcil'd to God
- 2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
 Iniquity will not impute ;
 Who, vent'ring on his Saviour's word,
 Of faith enjoys the peaceful fruit.
- 3 Though trav'ling thro' this vale of tear
 He many a sore temptation meet,
 The Holy Ghost this witness bears,
 He stands in Jesus still complete.
- 4 This pearl of price no works can claim
 He that finds this is rich indeed.
 This pure white stone contains a name
 Which none, but who receives, can
- 5 This precious gift, this bond of love,
 The Lord oft gives his people here.
But what we all shall be above
Doth not, my brethren, yet appear

137

we safely may believe,
 hat no words will e'er express ;
 ints themselves cannot conceive,
 rightest angels can but guess.

104

his a brand plucked out if the fire ?
Zech. iii 2.

saith the Lord to those that stand,
 I wait to hear his great command,
 sinner to renew ;
 this charge I give to you.

polluted garments off.
 ul, here's raiment rich enough.
 he with righteousness divine ;
 ature's righteousness, but mine.

vaunt ! stand off, ye foes !
 ye rail, in vain oppose.
 ncell'd claim no more obtrude ;
 ne ; I bought him with my blood.

thou stand'st in me complete :
 y accuse thee, I acquit.
 r thee th' avenging ire,
 ck'd thee burning from the fire.

105

I to men of low estate. Rom. xii. 16.

u, who stand in Christ so fast,
 know your faith shall ever last,

The Lord, on whom that faith depends,
This kind important message sends—

- 2 If light exulting thoughts arise,
Your weaker brethren to despise,
Remember, all to me are dear;
Who most is favour'd most should bear.
- 3 If strong thyself, support the weak;
If well, be tender to the sick;
To babes I oft reveal my mind;
And they who seek my face shall find.
- 4 If faith be strong as well as true,
Then strive that love may be so too.
Boast not ; but meek and lowly be :
The humblest soul is most like me:
- 5 Should I, displeas'd, my face but turn,
Ye sadly would your folly mourn;
Who now seem best would soon be worst:
I often make the last the first.
- 6 Encourage souls that on me wait,
And stoop to those of low estate.
Contempt or slight I can't approve :
Be love your aim, for I am love.

*O wretched man that I am ! Who shall deli-
ver me from the body of this death ? Rom. vii*

- 1 **H**OW sore a plague is sin
To those by whom 'tis felt !
The Christian cries, Unclean, unclean
Ev'n though releas'd from guilt.

ched, wretched man,
t horrid scenes I view !
alas ! do all I can,
I can nothing do.

nd I would perform,
' fear or shame I stop :
tion rises like a storm,
blasts the promis'd crop.

ce if I'm in quest,
ve my thoughts engage,
nd anger in my breast
moment rise and rage.

or an humble mind
'od I pour my pray'r,
nto my heart and find
pride will still be there.

ng, dear Lord, how long
'rance must I seek ;
ht with foes so very strong,
elf so very weak ?

r th' unequal strife,
wage the war within ;
eath, that puts an end to life,
put an end to sin.

'od through Jesus christ our Lord.
Rom. vii. 25.

' void of all that's good,
d very, very poor,

Thro' Christ I hope to be renew'd,
And live for evermore.

2 I view my own bad heart,
And see such evils there,
The sight with horror makes me start,
And tempts me to despair.

3 Then with a single eye
I look to Christ alone;
And on his righteousness rely,
Tho' I myself have none.

4 By virtue of his blood
The Lord declares me clean.
Now serves my mind the law of God,
My flesh the law of sin.

109

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel.
Psalm lxxiii. 24.

1 **W**HENE'ER I make some sudden stop,
(For many such I make)
And cannot see the cloud clear'd up,
Nor know which path to take,

2 I to my Saviour speed my way,
To tell my dubious state;
Then listen what the Lord will say,
And hope to follow that.

3 If Jesus seem to hide his face,
What anxious fears I feel!
But, if he deign to whisper peace,
I'm happy ; all is well.

d by one soft secret word,
 no further light ;
 depending on my Lord,
 th, and not by sight.

ls and counsellors bereft,
 t hear him say,
 e not to the right nor left,
 on ; lo, here's the way."

myself, in him I'm strong ;
 spirit's voice I hear.
 I walk cannot be wrong,
 as be but there.

r helper and my guide ;
 to him alone :
 helps have I beside ;
 are all on one.

109

*ed his face to the wall, and prayed
 the Lord. 2 Kings xx. 2.*

lezekiah lay diseas'd,
 every dang'rous symptom seiz'd
 the cure of art ;
 id pulse, and strength decay'd,
 s sunk and soul dismay'd,
 ly to depart.

despair ; his servants droop ;
 t Leech can give no hope :
 of life are fled :

When, lo ! the seer Isaiah came,
 With words to damp th' expiring flam
 And strike the dying dead.

3 Ent'ring the royal patient's room,
 He thus denounc'd the dreadful doom
 "Of flattering hopes beware.

"God's messenger, behold, I stand.

"Thus saith the Lord, Thy death's a

"Prepare, O King, prepare !"

4 Where is the man, whom words like th
 (Tho' free before from all disease)

Would not deject to death ?

Fav'rite of heav'n, in thee we see

The miracles of pray'r, in thee

Th' omnipotence of faith !

5 Methinks I hear the hero say—

"And must my life be snatch'd away

"Before I'm fit to die ?

"Can pray'r reverse the stern decree,

"And save a wretch condemn'd like I

"It may—at least I'll try.

6 "Ye damps of death, that chill me th

"God's prophet, and prediction too,

"I must withstand you all.

"Both heav'n and earth awile be gon

"I turn me to the Lord alone,

"And face the silent wall."

7 He said ; and, weeping, pour'd a pray

That conquer'd pain, remov'd despair

With all its heavy load,

Repell'd the force of death's attack,

Brought the recanting prophet back

And turn'd the mind of God.

thou shalt know hereafter. John xiii. 7.

RIGHTEOUS are the works of God,
All his ways are holy ;
his judgments, fit his rod,
to correct our folly :

his dealings wise and good,
uniform, tho' various ;
' they seem, by reason view'd,
cross, or quite contrarious.

se are truths ; and happy he
who can well receive them.
hidden, tho' we cannot see,
still we should believe them.

' thro' darksome paths we go
we may know no reason ;
we shall hereafter know,
which in his due season.

and we see how all his right,
where were room for credence ?
by faith, and not by sight,
Christians yield obedience.

all fruitless searches go,
which perplex and teaze us ;
determine nought to know
of a bleeding Jesus.

Blessed be ye poor. Luke vi. 20.

- 1 **L**ORD, when I hear thy children tall
 (And I believe 'tis often true)
 How with delight thy ways they walk,
 And gladly thy commandments do.
- 2 In my own breast I look, and read
 Accounts so very diff'rent there,
 That, had I not thy blood to plead,
 Each sight would sink me to despair.
- 3 Needy, and naked, and unclean,
 Empty of good and full of ill,
 A lifeless lump of loathsome sin,
 Without the pow'r to act or will.
- 4 I feel my fainting spirits droop;
 My wretched leanness I deplore;
 Till, gladden'd with a gleam of hope
 From this—the Lord has blest thee!
- 5 Then, while I make my secret moan,
 Upwards I cast my eyes, and see,
 Tho' I have nothing of my own,
 My treasure is immense in thee.
- 6 Still may I keep thy love in view:
 Lean there; nor envy those that run
 Still trust to—not what I can do,
 But what thyself hast for me done.
- 7 My treasure is thy precious blood:
 Fix there my heart; and for the rest
 Under thy forming hands, my God,
 Give me that frame which thou wilt

A general Admonition.

BRETHREN, why toil ye thus for toys,
 And reckon trash for treasure ;
 'All gay deceptions solid joys,
 Intoxication pleasure ?
 If more refin'd amusements please,
 As knowledge, arts, or, learning,
 A moment puts an end to these,
 And sometimes short's the warning.
 What balm could wretches ever find
 In wit to heal affliction ?
 Or who can cure a troubled mind
 With all the pomp of diction ?
 Reflect what trifles ye pursue,
 So anxious and so heedful :
 Or, after all, (you'll find it true)
 There is but one thing needful.
 God in his scriptures to reveal
 His will has condescended :
 What there is said he will fulfil,
 Tho' man may be offended.
 His written word with rev'rence treat :
 Join pray'r with each inspection ;
 And be not wise in self-conceit,
 'Tis folly to perfection.
 True wisdom of celestial birth,
 Can both instruct and cherish :
 Their attainments are of earth,
 And all that's earth must perish.
 The chief concern of fall'n mankind
 Should be to gain God's favour.
 What safety can the sinner find
 Before he find a Saviour ?

- 9 This saviour must be one that can
From sin and death release us,
Make up the breach 'twixt God and man
Which none can do but Jesus.
- 10 Jesus is judge of quick and dead ;
And there is none beside him,
Whether his pow'r we slight or dread,
Adore him or deride him.
- 11 Whate'er we judge ourselves, we must
Or stand or fall by his doom.
And they that in this Jesus trust
Have found eternal wisdom.
- 12 Mercy and love, from Jesus felt,
Can heal a wounded spirit ;
Mercy, that triumphs over guilt,
And love that seeks no merit.
- 13 Then kiss the Son, for from his wrath
No wisdom can deliver.
Close in with Christ by saving faith,
And God's your friend for ever.

113

*Because thou sayest I am rich, and increasest
with goods. Rev. iii. 17.*

- 1 **W**HAT makes mistaken men afraid
Of sov'reign grace to preach ?
The reason is (if truth be said)
Because they are so rich.
- 2 Why so offensive in their eyes
Doth God's election seem ?
*Because they think themselves so wise,
That they have chosen him.*

severance why so loath
some to speak or hear?
se, as masters over sloth,
y vow to perserve.

se is imputed righteousness
oint so little known?
se men think they all possess
e righteousness their own.

the needy helpless soul
ers his humble pray'r;
ks to him that works the whole,
seeks his treasure there.

guage is, "Let me, my God,
n sov'reign grace rely;
own 'tis free, because bestow'd
t one so vile as I.

tion! tis a word divine;
or, Lord, I plainly see,
not thy choise prevented mine,
e'er had chosen thee.

persevering strength I've none;
would on this depend;
Jesus having lov'd his own,
e lov'd them to the end.

ty and bare, I come to thee
or righteousness divine.
ay thy matchless merits be,
'imputation, mine!"

differ these; yet hoping each
nake salvation sure.
ost men would approve the rich,
hrist has blest the poor.

For thine is the Kingdom, &c. Matt. vi.

- 1 **Y**E souls that are weak,
 And helpless, and poor,
 Who know not to speak,
 Much less to do more ;
 Lo ! here's a foundation
 For comfort and peace ;
 In Christ is salvation ;
 The kingdom is his.
- 2 With pow'r he rules,
 And wonders performs ;
 Gives conduct to fools,
 And courage to worms,
 Beset by sore evils
 Without and within,
 By legions of devils
 And mountains of sin.
- 3 Then be not afraid ;
 All pow'r is giv'n
 To Jesus our Head.
 In earth and in heav'n.
 Thro' him we shall conquer
 The mightiest foes ;
 Our Captain is stronger
 Than all that oppose.
- 4 His pow'r from above
 He'll kindly impart ;
 So free is his love,
 So tender his heart.
 Redeem'd with his merit,
 We're wash'd in his blood ;
 Renew'd by his Spirit,
 We've power with God.

- 5 Thy grace we adore,
 Director divine ;
 The kingdom, and pow'r,
 And glory, are thine.
 Preserve us from running
 On rocks or on shelves, ²¹
 From foes strong and cunning,
 And most from ourselves.
- 6 Reign o'er us as King,
 Accomplish thy will,
 And pow'rfully bring
 Us forth from all ill ;
 Till, falling before thee,
 We laud thy lov'd name,
 Ascribing the glory
 To God and the Lamb.

115

*was delivered for our offences, and was raised
 gain for our justification.* Rom. iv. 25.

ESUS, when on the bloody tree
 He hung, thro' soul and body pierc'd,
 That all things might accomplish'd be
 Contain'd in scripture) said, *I thirst..*
 Passop, the plant ordain'd by God,
 And held by Jews in high esteem,
 Which sprinkled them with paschal blood*,
 Sharp vinegar convey'd to him.
 This done, our dear, our dying Lord
 Exerts his short expiring breath ;
 Utters this rich important word,
'Tis finish'd ! and submits to death.

* Exod. xii. 22.

- 4 Henceforth an end is put to sin :
 (Th' important word implies no less)
 Now for believers is brought in
 An everlasting righteousness.
- 5 The son of God and man has dy'd
 Sinners as black as hell to save ;
 And, that they might be justified,
 Is ris'n victorious from the grave.
- 6 In heav'n he lives, our King, our Priest ;
 There for his people ever pleads.
 How sure is our salvation ! Christ
 Dy'd, rose, ascended, intercedes.

For he shall not speak of himself. John xvi.

- 1 **W**HATEVER prompts the soul to pride
 Or gives us room to boast,
 (Except in Jesus crucifi'd)
 Is not the Holy Ghost.
- 2 That blessed Spirit omits to speak
 Of what himself has done ;
 And bids th' enlighten'd sinner seek
 Salvation in the Son.
- 3 He seldom moves a man to say,
 " Thank God I'm made so good,"
 But turns his eye another way,
 To Jesus and his blood.
- 4 Great are the graces he confers,
 But all in Jesu's name ;
 He gladly dictates, gladly hears,
 " Salvation to the Lamb."

and ye are complete in him. Col. ii. 10.

WHEN is it Christians all agree,
And let distinctions fall?
Men, nothing in themselves, they see
That Christ is all in all.

That strife and diff'rence will subsist
While men will something seem.
To them but singly look to Christ,
And all are one in him.

The infant, and the aged saint,
The worker, and the weak;
They who are strong and seldom faint,
And they who scarce can speak.

Eternal life's the gift of God;
That comes thro' Christ alone:
For this; he bought it with his blood;
And therefore gives his own,

Who have no life, no pow'r, no faith,
But what by Christ is giv'n.
We all deserve eternal death;
And thus we all are ev'n.

The Outcasts of Isarel.

GOD, pity outcasts vile and base,
The poor dependants on thy grace,
Whom men disturbers call:
Sinners and by saints withstood;
These too bad, for those too good;
Condemn'd or shunn'd by all.

- 2 Tho' faithful Abr'ham us reject,
 And tho' his ransom'd race elect
 Agree to give us up,
 Thou art our father; and thy name
 From everlasting is the same;
 On that we build our hope.

119

The Lord thy God brought it to me.
 Gen. xxvii. 20.

- 1 **A**ND now the work is done
 Without much pains or cost;
 The author's merit's none,
 And therefore none his boast;
 He only claims whate'er's amiss.
 Alas! how large a share is his!
- 2 Some time it took to beat
 And hunt for thinkling sound;
 But the rich sav'ry meat
 Was very quickly found;
 For ev'ry truly Christian thought
 Was by the God of Isaac brought.
- 3 May he that sings, or reads,
 That precious blessing known
 That comes by Jacob's kinds,
 And not from Esau's bow.
 O bring no price; God's grace is free,
 To Paul, to Magdalene—to me!
- 4 Glory to God alone,
 (Let man forbear to boast)
 To Father, and to Son,
 And to the Holy Ghost.
 Eternal life's the gift of God;
 The Lamb procur'd it by his blood.

SUPPLEMENT.

the Lord's Supper. 20 Hymns.

1

King of heav'n a feast has made ;
 and to his much lov'd friends,
 faint, the famish'd, and the sad,
 his invitation sends.

Wearers, approach my royal board,
 garnish'd with all that's good :
 here, sit at table with your Lord,
 and eat celestial food.

My body and my blood receive,
 comes entirely free :
 no price for all I give—
 but O, remember me !”

At thy gracious bidding, Lord,
 though vile and base, we come.
 Speak the reconciling word,
 and welcome wand'ers home.

Wine, and milk, and heav'nly meat,
 come to buy, and live ;
 nothing is the price that's set,
 but we have nought to give.

But to all thy flock below
 thy blessings of thy death.
 Every begging soul bestow
 love, thy hope, thy faith.

- 7 May each, with strength from heav'n
 Say, "My beloved's mine :
 "I eat his flesh, and drink his blood,
 "In signs of bread and wine."

2

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made.
 Rejoice, my friends, to see
 His royal table richly spread
 For such vile worms as we.
- 2 Ye beggars, from your dunghills rise;
 Cast off your rags of shame.
 Open, ye blind, your long-clos'd eyes;
 And leap for joy, ye lame.
- 3 Come, and with regal robes be clad,
 All at the cost of Christ.
 Come, ev'ry one a king be made,
 And ev'ry one a priest.
- 4 Welcome, poor sinner, welcome here;
 Leave all thy cares behind ;
 Dismiss thy doubt, cast off thy fear;
 Give reas'nings to the wind.
- 5 Believe thy God ; believe his word,
 His Sprit, and his Son.
 Only believe thy dying Lord,
 And all the work is done.
- 6 Come, eat his flesh and drink his blood
 Make all his merits thine,
 Sure as thy body lives on food,
 And feels the strength of wine.

GLORY to God on high ;
 Our peace is made with heav'n.
 Son of God came down to die,
 That sin might be forgiv'n.

His precious blood was shed,
 His body bruis'd for sin ;
 Remember this in eating bread,
 That in drinking wine.

Proach his royal board,
 His rich garments clad.
 Ev'ry tongue to praise the Lord
 Ev'ry heart be glad.

Father gives the Son ;
 Son his flesh and blood ;
 Spirit applies, and faith puts on,
 Righteousness of God.
 We, the gift receive ;
 Each say, " I am chief.
 Now'st, O Lord, I would believe :
 Help my unbelief."

Help us from above ;
 Power is all thy own.
 Thy gift, and hope, and love ;
 Ourselves we've none.

Of heav'n, almighty King,
 ondrous is thy love,
 Of dust thy praise should sing,
 Their songs approve !

- 2 Since by a new and living way
Access to thee is given
Poor sinners may with boldness pra
And earth converse with heav'n.
- 3 Give each some token, Lord, for go
And send the Spirit down
To feed us with celestial food,
The body of thy Son.
- 4 The feast thou hast been pleas'd to
We would by faith receive;
That all that come their part may ta
And all that take may live.
- 5 Let ev'ry tongue the Father own,
Who when we all were lost,
To seek and save us sent the Son,
And gives the Holy Ghost.

5

- 1 **L**ORD, who can hear of all thy wo
Thy groans and dying cries,
And not feel tears of sorrow flow,
And sighs of pity rise?
- 2 Much harder than the hardest stone
That man's hard heart must be.
Alas! dear Lord, with shame we own
That just such hearts have we.
- 3 The symbols of thy flesh and blood
Will (as they have been oft)
With unrelenting hearts be view'd,
Unless thou make them soft.
- 4 Dissolve these rocks; call forth the s
Make every eye a sluice:
Let none be slow to weep for him
Who wept so much for us.

we mourn, and sing, and pray,
 d on bread and wine,
 hy quick'ning Spirit convey
 stance with the sign.

6

st memorials of thy grief,
 uff'rings and thy death,
 dear Saviour, to receive ;
 uld receive with faith.
 s, sent us to relieve
 rits when they droop,
 dear Saviour, to receive ;
 uld receive with hope.
 es thou wast pleas'd to leave,
 urnful minds to move,
 dear Saviour, to receive ;
 uld receive with love.
 bedience to thy word,
 e the bread and wine ;
 st we can do, dear Lord,
 beyond is thine.
 our faith, and hope and love ;
 give us all that's good.
 l thy full salvation prove,
 are thy flesh and blood.

7

v'ry tongue to sing
 mercies of the Lord.
 of Christ our King
 y heart record.
 us from the wrath of God
 our ransom with his blood.

- 2 What wond'rous grace was this !
 We sinn'd, and Jesus died.
 He wrought the righteousness,
 And we were justified.
 We ran the score to lengths extreme
 And all the debt was charg'd on him
- 3 Hell was our just desert,
 And he that hell endur'd.
 Guilt broke his guiltless heart
 With wrath that we incurr'd.
 We bruise'd his body, spilt his blood
 And both become our heav'nly food

8

- 1 **H**AIL, thou Bridegroom, bruise'd
 Who hast the wine-press trod
 Of th' Almighty's burning wrath.
 Hail, slaughter'd Lamb of God !
 Melt our hearts with love like thine
 While we behold thee on the tree,
 Sweetly mourning o'er each sign
 In memory of thee.
- 2 Hail, thou mighty Saviour ! blest
 Before the world began
 In th' eternal Father's breast.
 Hail, Son of God and man !
 Thee we hymn in humble strains !
 And to receive we all agree
 These blest symbols of thy pains
 In memory of thee.
- 3 Break, O break these hearts of stone
 By some endearing word.
 Jesus, come ! May ev'ry one
 Behold his sufferings Lord.

Holy Ghost into us breathe.
 s to take, from doubtings free,
 se dear tokens of thy death
 i memory of thee.

u, our great Melchisedec;
 ring'st forth thy bread and wine.
 u hast wrought out for our sake
 righteousness divine.
 l thy blessings from above,
 worms partake, such worms as we,
 se rich pledges of thy love
 i memory of thee.

9

I ! that our flinty hearts would melt
 While to remembrance, Lord, we call
 of that weight which thou hast felt;
 or who can comprehend it all!

s sinners while these symbols dear
 resent your suffering Lord to view,
 p the soft tribute of a tear;
 or he shed many a tear for you.

he sad garden, on the wood,
 his body brus'd, from ev'ry part
 r'd on the ground a purple flood,
 ill sorrow broke his tender heart.

d, while we thus shew forth thy death,
 send thy Spirit from above;
 us to feed on thee by faith,
 id sigh, and sing, and mourn, and love.

- 1 **W**HEN thro' the desert vast
The chosen tribes were led
They could not plough, nor till, nor
Yet never wanted bread.
- 2 Around their wand'ring camp
The copious manna fell;
Strew'd on the ground a food they
But what they could not tell.
- 3 But better bread by far
Is now to Christians giv'n;
Poor sinners eat immortal meat,
The living bread from heav'n.
- 4 We eat the flesh of Christ,
Who is the bread of God.
Their food was coarse compar'd w
Tho' their's was angel's food.

- 1 **L**ORD, send thy Spirit down
On babes that long to learn
Open our eyes, and make us wise,
Thy body to discern.
- 2 'Tis by thy word we live,
And not by bread alone;
The word of truth from thy blest n
O, make it clearly known.
- 3 With what we have receiv'd
Impart thy quick'ning pow'r.
We would be fed with living bread
And live for evermore.

ITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
 Who would believe thy gracious word,
 own my heart, with shame and grief,
 ink of sin and unbelief.
 d in thy house I read there's room ;
 l, vent'ring hard, behold I come.
 can there, tell me, can there be,
 ongst thy children, room for me !
 t the bread and drink the wine :
 oh ! my soul wants more than sign.
 int unless I feed on thee,
 l drink thy blood as shed for me.
 sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed ;
 l I'm a sinner vile indeed !
 d, I believe thy grace is free :
 agnify that grace in me.

How good our gracious God is !
 What rich feasts does he provide !
 ad and wine to feed our bodies ;
 ut much more is signified.
 his sheep (amazing wonder !)
 eeds he with his flesh and blood.
 ere's the pow'r can ever sunder
 ouls united thus to God !
 en we take the sacred symbols
 f his body, bread and wine ;
 le the heart relents and trembles,
 e rejoice with joy divine,

Jesus makes the weakest able,
 Feeds us with his flesh and blood.
 Needy beggars at his table
 Are the welcome guests of God.

- 3 Cease thy fears, then, weak believer;
 Jesus Christ is still the same,
 Yesterday, to-day, for ever;
 Saviour is his unctuous name.
 Lowliness of heart, and meekness,
 To the bleeding Lamb belong.
 Trust in him, and by thy weakness
 Thou shalt prove that Christ is strong.

14

- 1 **S**UFFRING Saviour, Lamb of God,
 How hast thou been used!
 With th' Almighty's wrathful rod
 Soul and body bruised!
- 2 We, for whom thou once was slain,
 We, whose sins did pierce thee,
 Now commemorate thy pain,
 And implore thy mercy.
- 3 We would with thee sympathize
 In thy bitter passion;
 With soft hearts and weeping eyes
 See thy great salvation.
- 4 Thine's an everlasting love;
 We have dearly try'd thee.
 Whom have we in heav'n above,
 Whom on earth, beside thee?
- 5 What can helpless sinners do
 When temptations seize us?
 Nought have we to look unto
 But the blood of Jesus.

- 3** Pardon all our baseness, Lord ;
 All our weakness pity :
 Guide us safely by thy word
 To the heav'nly city.
7 Oh ! sustain us on the road
 Thro' this desert dreary.
 Feed us with thy flesh and blood
 When we're faint and weary.
8 Bid us call to mind thy cross,
 Our heard hearts to soften.
 Often, Saviour, feast us thus,
 For we need it often.

15

- 1** **T**HE tender mercies of the Lord,
 On those that fear his name,
 For ev'ry thankful tongue afford
 An everlasting theme.
2 He pities all that feel his fear,
 When wounded, pain'd, or weak ;
 As tender mothers grieve to hear
 Their infants moan when sick
3 He to the needy and the faint
 His mighty aids make known ;
 And, when their languid life is spent,
 Supplies it with his own.
4 The body in his bounty shares,
 Sustain'd with corn and wine ;
 But for the soul himself prepares
 A banquet more divine.
5 By faith receiv'd, his flesh and blood
 Shall life eternal give ;
For he that eats immortal food
Immortally must live.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus undertook
 To rescue ruin'd man,
 The realms of bliss forsook,
 And to relieve us ran,
 He spar'd no pains, declin'd no loss
 Resolv'd to buy us with his blood.
- 2 No harsh commands he gave,
 No hard conditions brought;
 He came to seek and save,
 And pardon ev'ry fault.
 Poor trembling sinners hear his call
 They come, and he forgives them
- 3 When thus we're reconcil'd
 He sets no rig'rous tasks.
 His yoke is soft and mild,
 For love is all he asks:
 Ev'n that from him we first receive
 For well he knows we've none to give
- 4 This pure and heav'nly gift
 Within our hearts to move,
 The dying Saviour left
 These tokens of his love;
 Which seem to say, "While this ye
 "Remember him that dy'd for you

- 1 **T**HAT doleful night, before his death
 The Lamb for sinners slain
 Did almost with his latest breath
 This solemn feast ordain.
 To keep thy feast, Lord, we are meet
 And to remember thee.
 Help each poor trembler to repeat
 "For me he died, for me."

- Thy suffering, Lord, each sacred sign
 To our remembrance brings :
 We eat the bread, and drink the wine ;
 But think on nobler things.
 O, tune our tongues, and set in frame
 Each heart that pants to thee,
 To sing, " Hosannah to the Lamb,
 " The Lamb that dy'd for me." *Hal.*

18

- 1** **JESUS**, once for sinners slain, *Hal.*
 From the dead was rais'd again ;
 And in heav'n is now set down
 With his father in his throne.
2 There he reigns a King supreme ;
 We shall also reign with him.
 Feeble souls be not dismay'd ;
 Trust in his almighty aid.
3 He has made an end of sin,
 And his blood has wash'd us clean.
 Fear not ; he is ever near ;
 Now, ev'n now, he's with us here.
4 Thus assembling, we, by faith,
 Till he comes, shew forth his death.
 Of his body bread's the sign ;
 And we drink his blood in wine.
5 Bread, thus broken, aptly shews
 How his body God did bruise.
 When the grape's rich blood we see,
 Lord, we then remember thee.
6 *Saints on earth, with saints above,*
Celebrate his dying love.

And let ev'ry ransom'd soul
Sound his praise from pole to pole

19

- 1 **T**HE God, that first us chose,
Th' eternal Father, praise.
What wond'rous bounties he bestows!
And by what wond'rous ways!
- 2 His creatures are all fill'd
By him with proper food:
But O! he gives to ev'ry child
His Son's own flesh and blood:
- 3 Here hungry souls appear,
And eat celestial bread.
The needy beggar banquets here,
With royal dainties fed.
- 4 Here thirsty souls approach,
And drink immortal wine.
The entertainment is for such,
Prepar'd by grace divine.
- 5 God bids us bring no price;
The feast is furnish'd free;
His bounteous hand the poor supplies,
And who more poor than we?
- 6 His Spirit from above
Our Father sends us down,
And looks with everlasting love
On all that love the Son.

20

- 1 **W**HAT creatures beside
Are favour'd like us?
Forgiv'n, supply'd,
And banqueted thus,

By God our good Father,
 Who gave us his Son,
 And sent him to gather
 His children in one ?

2 Salvation's of God,
 Th' effect of free grace,
 Upon us bestow'd
 Before the world was.
 God from everlasting
 Be blest; and again
 Blest to everlasting.
 Amen, and amen.

21

Before Preaching. 2 Hymns.

ONCE more we come before our God ;
 One more his blessings ask.
 I may not duty seem a load,
 Nor worship prove a task.
 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
 From heav'n in Jesu's name,
 To make our waiting mind attend,
 And put our souls in frame.
 May we receive the word we hear
 Each in an honest heart ;
 Hoard up the precious treasure there,
 And never with it part.
 O seek thee all our hearts dispose ;
 To each thy blessing suit ;
 And let the seed thy servants sow.
 Produce a copious fruit

- 5 Bid the refreshing north wind wa
 Say to the south wind, Blow.
 Let ev'ry plant the pow'r partake
 And all the garden grow.
- 6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly
 The cold with warmth divine;
 And, as the benefit is ours,
 Be all the glory thine.

22

- 1 **T**HE good hand of God
 Has brought us again
 (A favour bestow'd
 We hope not in vain)
 To hear from our Saviour
 The word of his grace;
 Then be our behaviour
 Becoming the place.
- 2 Remember the ends
 For which we are met.
 Alas! my dear friends,
 We're apt to forget.
 The motives that brought us
 The Lord only sees;
 But, if he has taught us,
 Our ends should be these:
- 3 To worship the Lord
 With praise and with pray
 To practice his word,
 As well as to hear;
 To own with contrition
 The deeds we have done,
 And take the remission
 God gives in his Son.

- 4 **Blest Spirit of Christ,**
Descend on us thus :
Thy servant assist ;
Teach him to teach us.
Oh send us thy unction
To teach us all good ;
And touch with compunction,
And sprinkle with blood.

23

The fear of the Lord. 3 Hymns.

- 1 **THE** fear of the Lord
Our days will prolong ;
In trouble afford
A confidence strong :
Will keep us from sinning ;
Will prosper our ways ;
And is the beginning
Of wisdom and grace.
- 2 **The fear of the Lord**
Preserves us from death ;
Enforces his word,
Enlivens our faith :
It regulates passion,
And helps us to quell
The dread of damnation,
And terrors of hell.
- 3 **The fear of the Lord**
Is soundness and health ;
A treasure well stor'd
With heavenly wealth ;
A fence against evil,
By which we resist
World, flesh, and the devil,
And imitate Christ.

- 4 The fear of the Lord
Is clean and approv'd;
Makes Satan abhorr'd,
And Jesus belov'd.
It conquers my weakness;
Is proof against strife;
A cordial in sickness,
A fountain of life.
- 5 The fear of the Lord
Is lowly and meek;
The happy reward
Of all that him seek:
They only that fear him
The truth can discern;
For living so near him
His secrets they learn.
- 6 The fear of the Lord
His mercy makes dear,
His judgments ador'd,
His righteousness clear.
Without its fresh flavour
In knowledge there's fault
In doctrines no saviour;
In duties no salt.
- 7 The fear of the Lord
Confirms a good hope;
By this are restor'd
The senses that droop.
The deeper it reaches
The more the soul thrive
It gives what it teaches,

3 The fear of the Lord
 Forbids us to yield;
 It sharpens our sword,
 And strenghtens our shield.
 Then cry we to heaven,
 With one loud accord,
 That to us be given
 The fear of the Lord.

24

I APPY the men that fear the Lord;
 They from the paths of sin depart,
 Rejoice and tremble at his word,
 And hide it deep within their heart.
 They in his mercy hope, thro' grace;
 Revere his judgements, not contemn.
 In pleasing him their pleasure's plac'd,
 And His delight is plac'd in them.
 His fear, a rich and endless store,
 Preserves the soul from pois'nous pride.
 The heart that wants this fear is poor,
 Whatever it possess beside.
 His treasure was by Christ possest;
 In this his understanding stood;
 And ev'ry one that's with it blest
 Has free redemption in his blood.

25

THE men that fear the Lord
 In ev'ry state are blest;
 The Lord will grant whate'er they want,
 Their souls shall dwell at rest.

- His secrets they shall share,
His covenant shall learn;
Guided by grace, shall walk hi
And heav'nly truth discern.
- 3 He pities all their griefs;
When sinking makes them s
He dries their tears, relieves th
And bids them trust in him.
- 4 In his remembrance-book
The Saviour sets them down
Accounting each a jewel rich,
And calls them all his own.
- 5 This fear's the spirit of faith
A confidence that's strong
An unction light to all that's
A bar to all that's strong.
- 6 It gives religion life,
To warm as well as light;
Makes mercy sweet, salvation
And all God's judgments rig

26

I will sing of mercy and judgment

- 1 **T**HY mercy, Lord, we pr
Of judgment too we sing
For all the riches of thy grace
Our grateful tribute bring.
- 2 Mercy may justly claim
A sinner's thankful voice:
And, judgment joining in the
We tremble and rejoice.

Thy mercies bid us trust ;
 Thy judgment strikes with awe ;
 We fear the last, we bless the first, -
 And love thy righteous law.

Who can thy acts express,
 Or trace thy wond'rous ways ?
 How glorious is thy holiness !
 How terrible thy praise !

Thy goodness how immense
 To those that fear thy name !
 Thy love surpasses thought or sense,
 And always is the same.

Thy judgments are too deep
 For reason's line to sound.
 Thy tender mercies to thy sheep
 No bottom know, nor bound.

27

Characters and Offices of Christ.

CHRIST is th' eternal Rock,
 On which his church is built ;
 The Shepherd of his little flock ;
 The Lamb that took our guilt ;
 Our Counsellor, our Guide,
 Our Brother, and our Friend ;
 The Bridegroom of his chosen bride,
 Who loves her to the end.

He is the Son to free ;
 The Bishop he to bless ;
 The full Propitiation he ;
 The Lord our Righteousness ;

His body's glorious Head ;
 Our advocate that pleads ;
 Our Priest that pray'd, atton'd, an
 And ever intercedes.

3 Let all obedient souls
 Their grateful tribute bring,
 Submit to Jesu's righteous rules,
 And bow before their King.
 Our Prophet Christ expounds
 His and our Father's will ;
 This good Physician cures our woe
 With tenderness and skill.

4 When sin had sadly made
 'Twixt wrath and mercy strife,
 Our dear Redeemer dearly paid
 Our ransom with his life.
 Faith gives the full release ;
 Our Surety for us stood :
 The Mediator made the peace,
 And sign'd it with his blood.

5 Soldiers, your Captain own ;
 Domestics, serve our Lord ;
 Sinners, the Saviour's love make known
 Saints, hymn th' incarnate Word
 The Witness sure and true
 Of God's good will to men ;
 The Alpha and th' Omega too ;
 The first and last Amen.

6 Poor pilgrims shall not stray,
 Who frighted flee from wrath ;
 A bleeding Jesus is the way,
 And blood tracks all the path

ians in Christ obtain
 uth that can't deceive ;
 er shall they die again
 n the Life believe.

28

se for Creation and Redemption

LE heav'nly hosts their anthems sing
 realms above the sky,
 ns of earth their tribute bring,
 ud the Lord most high.
 ful notes your voices raise,
 som'd of the Lord ;
 ; th' eternal Father's praise,
 od by all ador'd.

tures to his bounty owe
 being and their breath ;
 .test gratitude should flow
 n redeem'd from death.
 Son he deign'd to give ;
 : love this gift declares !)
 that in the Son believe,
 al life is theirs.

29

whole armour of God. Egh. vi. 11.

thy loins up, Christian soldier,
 thy Captain calls thee out ;
 anger make thee boldier ;
 weakness ; dare in doubt.

Buckle on thy heav'nly armour ;
 Patch up no inglorious peace ;
 Let thy courage wax the warmer
 As thy foes and fears increase.

2 Bind thy golden girdle round thee,
 Truth to keep thee firm and tight :
 Never shall the foe confound thee
 While the truth maintains thy fight.
 Righteousness within thee rooted
 May appear to take thy part ;
 But let righteousness imputed
 Be the breastplate of thy heart.

3 Shod with gospel preparation,
 In the paths of promise tread ;
 Let the hope of free salvation
 As a helmet guard thy head.
 When beset with various evils
 Wield the Spirit's two-edg'd sword :
 Cut thy way through hosts of devils,
 While they fall before the word.

4 But, when dangers closer threaten,
 And thy soul draws near to death,
 When assaulted sore by Satan,
 Then object the shield of faith :
 Fiery darts of fierce temptations,
 Intercepted by thy God,
 There shall lose their force in patience,
 Sheath'd in love, and quench'd in blood.

5 Though to speak thou be not able,
 Always pray, and never rest :
 Pray'r's a weapon for the feeble ;
 Weakest souls can wield it best.

er on thy Captain calling,
 Make thy worst condition known;
 shall hold the up when falling,
 Or shall lift the up when down.

30

Desertion.

DEEP in a cold, a joyless cell,
 A doleful gulph of gloomy care!
 here dismal doubts and darkness dwell,
 The dang'rous brink of black despair;
 Will'd by the icy damps of death,
 I feel no firm support of faith.

How can a burden'd cripple rise?
 How can a fetter'd captive flee?
 Oh! Lord, direct my wishful eyes
 And let me look at least to thee.
 Oh! my sinking spirits droop;
 I scarce perceive a glimpse of hope.

Extend thy mercy, gracious God;
 Thy quick'ning Spirit vouchsafe to send;
 Apply the reconciling blood,
 And kindly call thy foe thy friend:
 For, if rich cordials thou deny,
 Let Patience Comfort's place supply.

Let Hope survive, tho' damp'd by doubt;
 Do thou defend my shatter'd shield:
 Oh! let me never quite give out;
 Help me to keep the bloody field.
 O Lord, look upon the unequal strife;
 Delay not, lest I lose my life.

Christ's Resurrection. 4 Hymns.

- 1 **S**EE from the dungeon of the dead
Our great Deliv'rer rise ;
While conquest wreaths his heav'nly head,
And glory glads his eyes.
- 2 The struggling Hero, strong to save,
Did all our mis'ries bear
Down to the chambers of the grave,
And left the burden there.
- 3 See, how the well-pleas'd angél rolls
The stone, and opes the pris'n.
Lift up your hearts, ye sin-sick souls,
And sing, "The Lord is ris'n."
- 4 No more indictments Justice draws;
It sets the soul at large.
Our Surety undertook the cause,
And faith's a full discharge.
- 5 To save us our Redeemer dy'd ;
To justify us rose.
Where's the condemning pow'r beside
Has right to interpose ?
- 6 The Lord is ris'n, thou trembling soul:
Let fears no more confound.
Let heav'n and earth from pole to pole,
"The Lord is ris'n resound."

32

- 1 **B**ELIEVER, lift thy drooping head ;
Thy Saviour has the vict'ry gain'd.
See all thy foes in triumph led,
And everlasting life obtain'd.

the grave has rais'd his Son :
 v'rs of darkness are despoil'd
 declares the work is done,
 and man are reconcil'd.

redeemer leaves the tomb ;
 triumphant Hero rise !
 y arms their strength resume,
 nquest sparkles in his eyes.

death's wound has now receiv'd ;
 of sin's entirely made :
 of hope are quite repriev'd,
 the dreadful debt is paid.

, for whom the Lord was slain,
 in the purchase of his blood.
 longer in you reign,
 licate yourselves to God.

npty toys no more esteem ;
 inds from worldly things remove ;
 affections rise with him,
 t your hearts on things above.

33

RISTIANS, dismiss your fear ;
 et hope and joy succeed :
 t good news with gladness hear,
 Lord is ris'n indeed."
 ades of death withdrawn,
 es their beams display.
 the sun, when rosy dawn
 the gates of day.

- 2 The promise is fulfill'd ;
 Salvation's work is done ;
 Justice with mercy's reconcil'd ;
 And God has rais'd his Son.
 He quits the dark abode,
 From all corruption free.
 The only harmless child of God
 Could no corruption see.
- 3 Angels with saints above
 The rising Victor sing ;
 And all the blissful seats of love
 With loud hosannas ring.
 Ye pilgrims too below,
 Your hearts and voices raise :
 Let ev'ry breast with gladness glow,
 And ev'ry mouth sing praise.
- 4 My soul, thy Saviour laud,
 Who all thy sorrows bore ;
 Who dy'd for sin, but lives to God,
 And lives to die no more.
 His death procur'd thy peace ;
 His resurrection's thine.
 Believe ; receive the full release ;
 'Tis sign'd with blood divine.

34

- 1 **U**PRISING from the darksome
 See the victorious Jesus come
 Th' Almighty Pris'ner quits the pri
 And angels tell the Lord is ris'n.
 Angels, angels, angels, angels, ang
 Lord is ris'n.
- 2 Ye guilty souls, that groan and g
 Hear the glad tidings, hear, and

God's righteous law is satisfied,
 And justice now is on your side.

Justice, justice, &c.

Our Surety, thus releas'd by God,
 Pays the rich ransom of his blood.
 No new demand, no bar remains ;
 His mercy now triumphant reigns.

Mercy, mercy, &c.

Believers, hail your rising Head,
 The first begotten from the dead ;
 Your resurrection's sure, thro' His,
 Your endless life, and boundless bliss.

Endless, endless, &c.

35

Christ's Ascension. 2 Hymns.

NOW for a theme of thankful praise
 To tune the stamper's tongue.
 Christians, your hearts and voices raise,
 And join the joyful song.

Lord's ascended up on high,
 Cloak'd with resplendent wounds ;
 His shouts of vict'ry rend the sky,
 And heav'n with joy resounds.

From the regions of the dead,
 From all th' etherial plains,
 Warriors of darkness captive led,
 The dragon dragg'd in chains.

Open the gates, your leaves unfold,
 Receive the conqu'ring King ;
 Praise, strike your harps of gold ;
 Hallelujahs, triumphant sing.

- 5 Sinners, rejoice ; he died for you ;
 For you prepares a place ;
 Sends down his Spirit to guide you th
 With ev'ry gift of grace.
- 6 His blood, which did your sins atone,
 For your salvation pleads ;
 And, seated on his Father's throne,
 He reigns and intercedes.

36

- 1 **J**ESUS, our triumphant Head,
 Ris'n victorious from the dead,
 To the realms of glory's gone,
 To ascend his rightful throne.
- 2 Cherubs on the conqu'ror gaze :
 Seraphs glow with brighter blaze ;
 Each bright order of the sky
 Hail him as he passes by.
- 3 Saints the glorious triumph meet ;
 See their en'mies at his feet.
 By his scars his toils are view'd,
 And his garments roll'd in blood.
- 4 Heav'n its King congratulates,
 Opens wide her golden gates ;
 Angels songs of vict'ry sing ;
 All the blissful regions ring.
- 5 Sinners, join the heav'nly pow'rs,
 For redemption all is ours.
 None but burden'd sinners prove
 Blood-bought pardon, dying love.

|, thou dear, thou worthy Lord;
 / Lamb, incarnate word !
 , thou suffering Son of God !
 e the trophies of thy blood.

37

The Gospel.

EPENT, ye sons of men, repent :
 Hear the good tidings God has sent,
 f sinners sav'd, and sins forgiv'n,
 nd beggars rais'd to reign in heav'n.
 s, beggars, beggars, beggars, beggars
 rais'd to reign in heav'n

sent his Son to die for us,
 to redeem us from the curse.
 ook our weakness, bore our load,
 dearly bought us with his blood.

Dearly, dearly, &c.

uilt's dark dungeon when we lay,
 cy cried, " Spare;" and Justice, " Slay."
 Jesus answer'd, " Set them free;
 id pardon them, and punish me."

Pardon, pardon, &c.

ation is of God alone ;
 everlasting in his Son :
 he that gave his Son to bleed,
 freely give us all we need.

Freely, freely, &c.

eve the gospel and rejoice;
 to the Lord with cheerful voice:
 goodness, praise, his wonders tell, .
 ransom'd all our souls from hell.

Ransom'd ransom'd, &c.

True and false Faith.

- 1 **F**AITH'S a convincing proof,
A substance sound and sure,
That keeps the soul secure enough
But makes it not secure.
- 2 Notion's the harlot's test,
By which the truth's revil'd ;
The child of fancy, finely drest ;
But not the living child.
- 3 Faith is by knowledge fed,
And with obedience mixt.
Notion is empty, cold, and dead ;
And fancy's never fix'd.
- 4 True faith's the life of God ;
Deep in the heart it lies ;
It lives and labours under load ;
Though damp't, it never dies.
- 5 A weak'ning, emptying grace,
That makes us strong and full.
False faith, tho' stout and full in fa-
Weakens and starves the soul.
- 6 Opinions in the head
True faith as far excels,
As body differs from a shade,
Or kernels from the shells.
- 7 To see good bread or wine
Is not to eat or drink ;
So some who hear the word divin
Do not believe, but think.

True faith refines the heart,
And purifies the blood ;
Takes the whole gospel, not a part,
And holds the fear of God.

39

Sickness. 2 Hymns.

1 **L**ORD, hear a restless wretch's groan
To thee my soul in secret moans :
My body's weak, my heart's unclean ;
I pine with sickness, and with sin.

2 My strength decays, my spirits droop,
Bow'd down with guilt, I can't look up
I lose my life, I lose my soul,
Except thy mercy make me whole.

3 Thou know'st what 'tis, Lord, to be sick
And, tho' almighty, hast been weak.
Sin thou hadst none ; and yet didst die
For guilty sinners, such as I.

4 Sins ranking sores my soul corrode ;
Oh ! heal them with thy balmy blood ;
And if thou dost my health restore,
Lord let me ne'er offend thee more.

5 Or, if I never more must rise,
But death's cold hand must close my eyes
Pardon my sins, and take me home.
O come, Lord Jesus, quickly come !

40

1 **W**HEN pining sickness wastes the
Acute disease, or tiring pain
When life fasts spends her feeble star
And all the help of man proves vain

- 2 Joyless and flat all things appear ;
 The spirits are languid, thin the flesh ;
 Med'cines can't ease, nor cordials cheer,
 Nor food support, nor sleep refresh ;
- 3 Then, then to have recourse to God,
 To pour a pray'r in time of need,
 And feel the balm of Jesu's blood ;
 This is to find a friend indeed !
- 4 And this O Christian, is thy lot,
 Who cleavest to the Lord by faith.
 He'll never leave thee (doubt it not)
 In pain, in sickness, or in death.
- 5 When flesh decays, and heart thus fails,
 He shall thy strength and portion be ;
 Shall take thy weakness, bear thy ails,
 And softly whisper, " Trust in me."
- 6 Himself shall be thy helping friend,
 Thy good physician, nay, thy nurse ;
 To make thy bed shall condescend,
 And from th' afflictions take the curse.
- 7 Should'st thou a moment's absence mourn
 Should some short darkness intervene ;
 He'll give thee pow'r, till light return,
 To trust him with the light between.

41

Death. 3 Hymns.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, the warning take ;
 A moment brings us all to dust.
 Awake from sin, from sloth awake ;
 Reflect in what you put your trust.

s a lily, fair to-day;
 -morrow into th' oven thrown,
 h will soon fail, and strength decay.
 help in pow'r; in riches none.
 what avails the pompous pall,
 e sable stones*, the plumed hearse?
 t within some sacred wall;
 wound a stone with lying verse?
 estin'd, all men once must die,
 d after death receive their doom.
 whither will th' ungodly fly?
 those who carelessly presume?
 ed are they, and only they,
 o in the Lord, the Saviour die;
 bodies wait redemption's day,
 d sleep in peace where'r they lie.
 e is thy vict'ry, where thy sting,
 ou grizly king of terrors, Death?
 orms defy thee while we sing,
 d trample on thy pow'r by faith.

42

IN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
 repent; thy end is nigh.
 at the furthest can't be far.
 ! think before thou die.
 et; thou hast a soul to save;
 y sins, how high they mount!
 are thy hopes beyond the grave?
 v stands that dark account?
 enters and there's no defence.
 time there's none can tell.
 in a moment call the hence,
 heaven or to hell.

* Black robes,

- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest
 Shall crawling worms consum
 But, ah! destruction stops not t
 Sin kills beyond the tomb!
- 5 To-day the gospel calls, to-day
 Sinners, it speaks to you.
 Let ev'ry one forsake his way,
 And mercy will ensue;
- 6 Rich mercy, dearly bought with
 How vile soe'er he be;
 Abundant pardon, peace with C
 All giv'n entirely free.

43

- 1 **YE** bold blaspheming souls
 Whose conscience nothi
 Ye carnal, cold, professing fools
 Whose state's as bad as their
- 2 Ye strong deluded lights,
 Whose faith's too stout to pr
 And ye whom proud perfection
 As free from sin as they;
- 3 The awful change, not far,
 Dissolve each golden dream:
 Death will distinguish what you
 From what you only seem.
- 4 Repent, or you're undone;
 And pray to God with speed
 Perhaps the truth may yet be k
 And make you free indeed.
- 5 The hour of death draws nigh
 'Tis time to drop the mask.
 Fall at the feet of Christ, and
 He gives to all that ask.

Good Shepherd of the Sheep,
Abolisher of death,
O give us all repentance deep,
And purifying faith.

44

4 *Funeral Hymn's.*

THE spirit of the just,
Confin'd in bodies, groan,
Fill death consigns the corpse to dust,
And then the conflict's done.

Jesus, who came to save,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Perfum'd the chambers of the grave,
And made ev'n death our gain.

Why fear we then to trust
The place where Jesus lay?
In quiet rests our brother's dust,
And thus it seems to say:

“Forbear, my friends, to weep,
“Since death has lost its sting;
“Those Christians that in Jesus sleep
“Our God will with him bring.”

This message then receive.
And grief indulge no more :
Return to work a while ; believe ;
And wait the welcome hour.

45

SONS of God by blest adoption,
View the dead with steady eyes.
*What is sown thus in corruption
Shall in incorruption rise.*

What is sown in death's dishonour
 Shall revive to glory's light;
 What is sown in this weak manner
 Shall be rais'd in matchless might

- 2 Earthly cavern, to thy keeping
 We commit our brother's dust :
 Keep it safely, softly sleeping,
 Till our Lord demand thy trust.
 Sweetly sleep, dear saint, in Jesus ;
 Thou with us shalt wake from death :
 Hold he cannot, tho' he seize us ;
 We his pow'r defy by faith.
- 3 Jesus, thy rich consolations
 To thy mourning people send :
 May we all with faith and patience,
 Wait for our approaching end.
 Keep from courage vain or vaunted ;
 For our change our hearts prepare ;
 Give us confidence undaunted,
 Cheerful hope, and godly fear.

46

- 1 **C**HRISTIANS, view this solemn scene
 And, if your souls be sad,
 Look beyond the cloud between,
 And let your hearts be glad.
 Never from your mein'ry lose
 The resurrection of the just.
 Death's a blessing now to those
 Who in our Jesus trust.
- 2 Deep interr'd on earth's dark womb,
 The mould'ring body lies :
 But the Christian from the tomb
 Shall soon triumphant rise.

is Christ, the righteous Judge,
his people's sins was slain.
e the Saviour, without grudge,
he purchase of his pain.

v the grave's a downy bed,
mbroider'd round with blood.
not the believer's dead ;
le only rests in God
d, we long to beat home,
own our heads and sleep in thee.
ne, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
nd set thy pris'ners free.

47

DUNTAIN of life, who gav'st us breath ;
Eternal Sire, by all ador'd ;
o maks't us conqu'rous over death,
hro' Jesus our victorious Lord ;

give thee thanks, we sing thy praise,
or calling thus thy children home,
l short'ning tribulation days,
o hide them in the peaceful tomb.

us, confiding in thy name,
hou King of saints, thy body's Head,
give to earth the breathless frame,
tememb'ring thou thyself wast dead.

ne was a bitter death indeed,
hou harmless suffering Lamb of God :
ou hast from hell thy people freed,
And drown'd destruction in thy blood.

The Resurrection. 3 Hymns.

1 **T**HE praise of Christ, ye Christians,
His mighty acts be told.
Death hath receiv'd a deadly wound;
He takes, but cannot hold.

2 Clipt are the greedy vulture's claws;
No more we dread his pow'r:
He gapes with adamant jaws,
And gapes but can't devour.

3 Believers in their darksome graves
Shall start, to light restor'd
Forsake their monumental caves,
And mount to meet the Lord.

4 Not long in ground the dying grain
Is hid, or lies forlorn;
But soon revives, and springs again,
And comes to standing corn.

5 So waking from the womb of earth,
Where Christ has lain before,
And bursting to a better birth,
We rise to die no more.

6 The wicked too shall rise again:
The difference will be this;
They rise to everlasting pain,
And saints to endless bliss.

1 **P**LEAS'D we read, in sacred story,
How our Lord resum'd his breath
Where O grave, 's thy conqu'ring glot
Where's the sting thou phantom, D

on thy jaws, restrain'd from chewing,
 Must disgorge their ransom'd prey.
 an first gave thee pow'r to ruin;
 Man too takes that pow'r away.
 am alpha, says the Saviour;
 I omega likewise am,
 was dead and live for ever,
 God Almighty and the Lamb.
 the Lord is our perfection,
 And in him our boast we'll make.
 We shall share his resurrection,
 If we of his death partake.
 e that die without repentance,
 Ye must rise when Christ appears;
 ise to hear your dreadful sentence,
 While the saints rejoice in theirs.
 ou to dwell with fiends infernal,
 They with Jesus Christ to reign:
 hey go into life eternal,
 You to everlasting pain.
 old rebellion, base backsliding,
 Stop your course; reflect with dread;
 n destruction there's no hiding;
 Death and hell give up their dead.
 v'ry sea, and lake, and river,
 Shall restore their dead to view.
 hout for gladness, O believer;
 Christ is ris'n; and so shall you.

50

YE Christians, hear the joyful news;
 Death has receiv'd a deadly bruise;
 our Lord has made his empire fall,
 and conquer'd him that conquer'd all.
quer'd, conquer'd, conquer'd, conquer'd.
conquer'd him that conquer'd all.

- 2 Tho' doom'd are all men once to die,
Yet we by faith death's pow'r defy:
We soon shall feel his bands unbound,
Awaken'd by th' archangel's sound.
Waken'd, waken'd, &c.
- 3 The trump of God shall rend the rocks,
And open adamantine locks;
Come forth the dead from death's dark dou
And Jesus calls his ransom'd home.
Jesus, Jesus, &c.
- 4 Ye sinners, timely warning take;
Turn to the Lord; your ways forsake;
And hope, thro' God's almighty pow'r,
The happy resurrection-hour.
Happy, happy, &c.

51

The Day of Judgment. 3 Hymns.

- 1 **A** WAKE, ye sleeping souls, awake,
And hear the God of Israel speak,
His word is faithful, firm, and true.
Sinners, attend; he speaks to you.
- 2 Mercy and vengeance in me dwell;
One lifts to heav'n; one casts to hell.
My favour's more than life; my wrath
Will burn beyond the bounds of death.
- 3 Short is the space, and death must come;
And after death the day of doom;
When quick and dead the Judge shall call
And deal their due deserts to all.
- 4 Fix'd in their everlasting state,
Could men repent, 'twere then too late.

Justice has bolted mercy's door,
And God's long-suff'ring is no more.

'Tis now the gospel message sent
Commands repentance ; now repent.
Wisely be warn'd ; to refuge run ;
Obey the Father, kiss the Son.

In Christ receive the gift of God,
Complete redemption thro' his blood ;
Mercy triumphant, sin forgiv'n,
And everlasting life in heav'n.

52

- B**EHOLD ! with awful pomp
The Judge prepares to come !
Th' archangel sounds the dreadful trump,
And wakes the gen'ral doom.
- 1 Nature in wild amaze,
Her dissolution mourns.
Blushes of blood the moon deface ;
The sun to darkness turns.
- 2 The living look with dread :
The frightened dead arise ;
Start from the monumental bed,
And lift their ghastly eyes.
- 3 Horrors all hearts appal ;
They quake, they shriek, they cry ;
Bid rocks and mountains on them fall ;
But rocks and mountains fly.
- 4 Ye wilful wanton fools,
Let danger make you wise.
Carnal professors, careless souls,
Unclose your lazy eyes.

- 6 'Tis time we all awake ;
 The dreadful day draws near.
 Sinners, your proud presumption check
 And stop your wild career.
- 7 Now is th' accepted time ;
 To Christ for mercy fly.
 O turn, repent, and trust in him,
 And you shall never die.
- 8 Great God, in whom we live,
 Prepare us for that day ;
 Help us in Jesus to believe,
 To watch, and wait, and pray.

53

- 1 **SINNERS**, that slumb'rest on the b
 Of hell's devouring lake,
 O think on death, on judgment think.
 What mean'st thou, sleeper ? Wake
- 2 Soon shall the Lord himself descend,
 The clouds before him riv'n ;
 A sudden shout the earth shall rend,
 And shake the pow'rs of heav'n.
- 3 Myriads of angels bright shall wait
 His orders to obey ;
 And ransom'd saints triumphant meet
 As bright and blest as they.
- 4 The king shall send his summons fort
 His messengers shall speed,
 From east to west, from south to north
 To cite the quick and dead.
- 5 But ah ! what pale, what ghastly look
 When guilty wretches come
 To hear from God's unerring books,
 Their just tho' dreadful doom !

ic'd of ev'ry wanton word,
 ev'ry daring sin,
 eches hard against the Lord,
 thoughts and acts unclean.
 s O Jesus, by thy death,
 cleanse us in thy blood;
 s to live and die in faith,
 wait the trump of God.

54

Hell.

That devil can self denial use,
 and that with dev'lish selfish views;
 sing and his state disown,
 each that devil or hell there's none.
 Hear the words of God, O man.
 Hear, amongst you all who can
 h everlasting burnings dwell?
 "wicked shall be cast to hell."
 That that woeful, dreadful place,
 Jesus never shews his face;
 sinners damn'd with devils remain,
 endless horrors, endless pain!
 wrath without his mercy's there.
 without mercy who can bear?
 not the fire, how huge the load,
 uff'rings shew, thou Son of God!
 a, let goodness make thee melt;
 der what the Lord hast felt.
 t, and to thy Saviour turn,
 urn'd that thou might'st never burn.

Heaven.

- 1 **YE** souls that trust in Christ, rejoice;
Your sins are all forgiv'n.
Let ev'ry Christian lift his voice,
And sing the joys of heav'n.
- 2 Heav'n is that holy happy place
Where sin no more defiles;
Where God unveils his blissful face,
And looks, and loves, and smiles:
- 3 Where Jesus, Son of man and God,
Triumphant from his wars,
Walks in rich garments dipt in blood,
And shews his glorious scars.
- 4 Where ransom'd sinners sound God's praise
Th' angelic hosts among;
Sing the rich wonders of his grace,
And Jesus leads the song:
- 5 Where saints are free from ev'ry load
Of passions, or of pains:
God dwells in them, and they in God,
And love for ever reigns.
- 6 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor can the heart conceive,
All that the blood of Christ procur'd,
Or all that God can give.
- 7 Lord, as thou shew'st thy glory there,
Make known thy grace to us;
And heav'n will not be wanting here,
While we can hymn thee thus.

our dear Redeemer, dy'd
 at we might be forgiv'n;
 that we might be justify'd,
 I sends the Spirit from heav'n.

56

Good Works. 3 Hymns.

ain men talk of living faith,
 hen all their works exhibit death;
 they indulge some sinful view
 all they say, in all they do.

rue believer fears the Lord,
 s his precepts, keeps his word;
 nits his works to God alone,
 eeks his will before his own.

ren tree that bears no fruit,
 s no great glory to its root.
 on the boughs rich fruits we see,
 hen we cry, "A goodly tree!"

did men by faith divine
 lfishness or sloth incline.
 Christian works with all his pow'r,
 grieves that he can work no more.

57

HEN filthy passions or unjust

Professors' minds control;
 men give up their reigns to lust,
 d int'rest sways the whole;

hen they seek themselves to please,
 clime each thorny road,
 ge their sloth, consult their ease,
 I slight the fear of God;

- 3 The faith is vain such men profess ;
It comes not from above :
The righteous man doth righteousness,
And true faith works by love.
- 4 Men's actions with their minds will suit
By them the heart is view'd.
A tree that bears corrupted fruit
Cannot be called good.
- 5 The Christian seeks his brother's good
Sometimes beyond his own ;
Or, if self-int'rest will intrude,
It does not reign alone.
- 6 Help us, dear Lord, to honour thee ;
Let our good works abound.
Thou art that green, that fruitful tree ;
From thee our fruit is found.

58

- 1 **V**AIN man, to boast forbear
The knowledge in thy head ;
The sacred scriptures this declare,
" Faith without works is dead."
- 2 When Christ the Judge shall come,
To render each his due,
He'll deal thy deeds their righteous do
And set thy works in view.
- 3 Food to the hungry give ;
Give to the thirsty drink.
To follow Christ is to believe ;
Dead faith is but to think.
- 4 The man that loves the Lord
Will mind whate'er he bid ;

Will pay regard to all his word,
And do as Jesus did.

The dead professor counts
Good works as legal ties :
His faith to action seldom mounts ;
On doctrine he relies.

But words engender strife.
Behold the gospel plan ;
Trust in the Lord alone for life,
And do what good you can.

59

Repentance. 2 Hymns.

- 1 **WHAT** various ways do men invent
To give the conscience ease ?
Some say Believe ; and some, Repent ;
And some say, strive to please.
- 2 But, brethren, Christ, and Christ alone,
Can rightly do the thing ;
Nor never can the way be known
Till he salvation bring.
- 3 What mean the men that say, Believe,
And let repentance go ?
What comfort can the soul receive
That never felt its woe ?
- 4 Christ says, " That I might sinners call
" To penitence, I'm sent ;"
And, " Likewise, ye shall perish all,
" Except ye do repent."
- 5 Those who are call'd by grace divine
Believe, but not alone :
*Repentance to their faith they join,
And so go safely on.*

- 6 But, should repentance, or should faith,
Should both deficient seem,
Jesus gives both (the scripture saith);
Then ask them both of him.

60

- 1 **R**EPENTANCE is a gift bestow'd
To save a soul from death :
Gospel-repentance towards God
Is always joined to faith.
- 2 Not for an hour, a day, or week,
Do saints repentance own ;
But all the time the Lord they seek
At sin they grieve and groan.
- 3 Nor is it such a dismal thing
As 'tis by some men nam'd :
A sinner may repent and sing,
Rejoice and be asham'd.
- 4 'Tis not the fear of hell alone,
For that may prove extreme :
Repenting saints the Saviour own,
And grieve for grieving him.
- 5 If penitence be quite left out,
Religion is but half ;
And hope, tho' e'er so clear of doubt,
Like off'rings without salt.

61

Believe only. Luke viii. 50.

- 1 **Z**EAL extinguish'd to a spark ;
Life is very, very low ;
All my evidences dark,
And good works I've none to shew

'r too seems a load ;
 nces tease or tire ;
 eel no love to God ;
 lly have a good desire.
 y fainting spirits droop,
 thy God is with thee still.
 iev in hope 'gainst hope,
 against thee all things feel ;
 nly to believe,
 thy coldness, doubts, and death ;
 thou not, poor soul, perceive
 is now thy work of faith ?

62

Christ is holy. 2 Hymns.

US, Lord of life and peace,
 o thee we lift our voice ;
 us at thy holiness
 tremble and rejoice.
 and terrible's thy word ;
 d thy word are both the same,
 holy, holy Lord,
 love thy holy name.

ng seraphs round thy throne,
 yond all brightness bright,
 heir bashful heads, and own
 eir own diminished light,
 ay thou to be ador'd,
 God Almighty, Great I AM !
 holy, holy Lord,
 love thy holy name.
 , in whom thy Spirit dwells,
 r out their souls to thee ;

Each his tale in secret tells,
 And sighs to be set free.
 Christ admir'd, themselves abhorr'd,
 They cry, with awe, delight, and shame,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 We love thy holy name.

4 Men whose arts admit not fear,
 At thy perfection aw'd,
 Use thy name, but not revere
 The holy child of God.
 These thy kingdom own in word.
 Save us from loyalty so lame.
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 We love thy holy name.

5 Just and righteous is our King,
 Glorious in holiness :
 Tho' we tremble while we sing,
 We would not wish it less.
 Souls by whom the truth's explor'd
 Wonders of mercy best proclaim.
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 We love thy holy name.

63

- 1 **G**OD is a high and holy God,
 Eternally the same ;
 Holiness is his blest abode,
 And Holy is his name.
- 2 The holy Father, holy Ghost,
 Men readily will own ;
 But 'tis a blessing few can boast
 To know the holy Son.
- 3 With hearts of flint, and fronts of brass.
 Some talk of Christ their Head ;

**And make the living Lord, alas!
Companion with the dead.**

**Familiar freedom, luscious names,
To Christ some fondly use :
Visions of wonder, flashy frames,
Are others' utmost views.**

**By things like these men often run
To this or that extreme :
But that man truly knows the Son
Who loves to live like him.**

**Lord, help us by thy mighty pow'r
To gain our constant view ;
Which is, that we may know thee more,
And more resemble too.**

64

The stony Heart.

**OH ! for a glance of heav'nly day,
To take this stubborn stone away ;
And thaw with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.**

**The rocks can rent ; the earth can quake ;
The seas can roar ; the mountains shake :
Of feeling all things shew some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.**

**To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt :
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.**

**Thy judgments, too, unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought !) which devils fear :
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.**

- 5 But something yet can do the deed ;
 And that dear something much I need :
 Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
 And move and melt this heart of mine.

65

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, &c.
 Rev. v. 12,

- 1 **W**E sing thy praise, exalted Lamb,
 Who sit'st upon the throne ;
 Ten thousand blessings on thy name,
 Who worthy art alone.
 Thy bruised broken body bore
 Our sins upon the tree :
 And now thou liv'st for evermore ;
 And now we live thro' thee.
- 2 Poor sinners, sing the Lamb that dy'd,
 (What theme can sound so sweet ?)
 His drooping head, his streaming side,
 His pierc'd hands and feet ;
 With all that scene of suff'ring love,
 Which faith presents to view :
 For now he lives and reigns above,
 And lives and reigns for you.
- 3 Was ever grace, Lord, rich as thine ?
 Can ought be with it nam'd ?
 What pow'rful beams of love divine
 Thy tender heart inflam'd !
 Ye angels, hymn his glorious name,
 Who lov'd and conquer'd thus :
 And we will likewise laud the Lamb,
 For he was slain for us.

tions on things above. Col. iii. 2.

raise your thankful voice,
 Is redeem'd with blood ;
 and all its toys,
 no more with mud.
 e bought, highly esteem'd,
 with Jesu's blood redeem'd.
 re priests and kings,
 of heav'nly birth :
 on nobler things,
 el not in earth.
 e bought, highly esteem'd,
 with Jesu's blood redeem'd.
 and soul, and mind,
 eeming love ;
 lly cares behind,
 e bought, highly esteem'd,
 with Jesu's blood redeem'd.
 r ravish'd eyes,
 the glory giv'n :
 rings despise,
 ns of heav'n.
 e bought, highly esteem'd,
 with Jesu's blood redeem'd.
 world as dead,
 that to come ;
 Christ is hid,
 n shall call us home.
 e bought, highly esteem'd,
 with Jesu's blood redeem'd.

Praising Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS Christ, God's holy Lamb,
We will laud thy lovely name :
We were sav'd by God's decree,
And our debt was paid by thee.
- 2 Thou hast wash'd us in thy blood,
Made us kings and priests to God :
Take this tribute of the poor ;
Less we can't, we can't give more.
- 3 Souls redeem'd, your voices raise ;
Sing your dear Redeemer's praise :
Worthy thou of love and laud,
King of saints, incarnate God.
- 4 Righteous are thy ways, and true ;
Endless honours are thy due.
Grace and glory in thee shine ;
Matchless mercy, love divine.
- 5 We, for whom thou once was slain,
We thy ransom'd sinner-train,
In this one request agree,
" Make us more resemble thee."

Backsliders. 3 Hymns.

- 1 **B**ACKSLIDING souls, return to God ;
Your faithful God is gracious still :
Leave the false ways ye long have trod,
And he will all backslidings heal.
- 2 Your first espousals call to mind ;
'Tis time ye should be now reclaim'd.

What fruit could ever Christians find
 In things whereof they're now asham'd ?
 The indignation of the Lord
 A while endure, for 'tis your due :
 But firm and stedfast stands his word.
 Tho' you are faithless, he is true.
 Poor famish'd prodical, come home ;
 Thy Father's house is open yet :
 Much greater mercy bids thee come
 Than all thy sins, tho' these are great.
 The blood of Christ (a precious blood !)
 Cleanses from all sin (doubt it not),
 And reconciles the soul to God,
 From ev'ry folly, ev'ry fault.

69

DESERTERS, to the camp return ;
 Resume your former post :
 Bewail your crimes, your baseness mourn,
 For yet ye are not lost.
 Your's is a sad, a dang'rous case ;
 Be humble and repent :
 Mercy you'll find, tho' e'er so base,
 'The moment you relent.
 Sinners are sav'd by Jesu's blood,
 How vile soe'er they be.
 Eternal life's the gift of God ;
 And gifts are always free.
 'Tis not by works of righteousness
 Which any man has done ;
 But God has sent his Son to bless.
 Return, and kiss the Son.

- 1 **FROM** pois'nous errors, pleasing cheats,
And gilded baits of sin,
Which, swallow'd as delicious meats,
Infect and rot within;
- 2 Lord, pardon a backslider base,
Returning from the dead ;
Asham'd to shew his shameful face,
Or lift his guilty head.
- 3 Ah ! what a fool have I been made ?
Or rather made myself ?
That mariner's mad part I play'd,
That sees, yet strikes the shelf.
- 4 How weak must be this wicked heart,
Which boasting much to know,
Made light of all thy bitter smart,
And wanton'd with thy woe !
- 5 Monstrous ingratitude, I own ;
Well worthy wrath divine !
Can blood such horrid crimes atone ?
Yes, blood so rich as thine.
- 6 Then since thy mercy makes me melt,
My baseness I deplore :
Regard the grief and shame I've felt,
And daily make them more.

His mercy endureth for ever, Psalm cxxvi.

- 1 **GOD'S** mercy is for ever sure,
Eternal is his name :
His mercy is for ever sure.
As long as life and speech endure,
My tongue, this truth proclaim:
His mercy is for ever sure.

asely sinn'd against his love,
 And yet my God was good :
 His mercy is for ever sure.
 His favour nothing could remove,
 For I was bought with blood :
 His mercy is for ever sure.

That precious blood atones all sin,
 And fully clears from guilt :
 His mercy is for ever sure.
 He makes the foulest sinner clean,
 For 'twas for sinners spilt :
 His mercy is for ever sure.

He rais'd me from the lowest state,
 When hell was my desert :
 His mercy is for ever sure.
 He broke his law, and (worse than that)
 Alas! I broke his heart :
 His mercy is for ever sure.

O soul, thou hast (let what will ail)
 A never changing friend :
 His mercy is for ever sure.
 When brethren, friends, and helpers fail,
 On him alone depend ;
 His mercy is for ever sure.

72

Be Lord our righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6.

JEHOVAH is my righteousness ;
 In him alone I'll boast ;
 Jehovah is my righteousness.
 My tongue his mercy shall confess,
 Who seeks and saves the lost :
 Jehovah is my righteousness.

- 2 When sunk in fears, with anguish prest,
 Bow'd down with weighty woe,
 Jehovah is my righteousness.
 My weary soul in him finds rest,
 From him my comforts flow :
 Jehovah is my righteousness.
- 3 I'll lay me down, and sweetly sleep,
 For I have peace with God :
 Jehovah is my righteousness.
 And when I wake he shall me keep,
 Thro' faith in Jesu's blood :
 Jehovah is my righteousness.
- 4 Ten thousand and ten thousand foes
 Shall not my soul destroy :
 Jehovah is my righteousness.
 My God their counsels overthrow,
 And turns my grief to joy :
 Jehovah is my righteousness..

73

Salvation to the Lamb.

- 1 **P**OOOR sinner, come, cast off thy fea
 And raise thy drooping head ;
 Come, sing with all poor sinners here,
 Jesus who once was dead.
 Salvation sing ; no word more meet
 To join to Jesu's name.
 Let every thankful tongue repeat,
 " Salvation to the Lamb."
- 2 Saints, from the garden to the cross.
 Your conqu'ring Lord pursue,
 Who, dearly to redeem your loss,
 Groan'd, bled, and dy'd, for you.

reigns victorious over death,
 he glorious great I AM.
 ev'ry soul repeat with faith,
 Salvation to the Lamb."

When we incurr'd the wrath of God,
 alas ! what could we worse ?
 He came, and with his own heart's blood
 Redeem'd us from the curse.
 O paschal Lamb, our heav'nly meat,
 As roasted in the flame.
 Eat, ye ransom'd souls, repeat,
 Salvation to the Lamb."

74

Baptism. 3 Hymns.

FATHER of heav'n, we thee address ;
 (Obedience is our view)
 Accept us in thy Son, and bless
 the work we have to do.

As, as water well apply'd
 Will make the body clean,
 In the fountain of thy side
 Wash thou the soul from sin.

Paternal Dove, descend from high,
 And on the water brood ;
 Fill with thy quick'ning pow'r apply
 The water and the blood.

Great God, Three-One, again we call,
 And our requests renew ;
 Accept in Christ, and bless withal,
 the work we've now to do.

- 1 **BY** what amazing ways
The Lord vouchsafes t' explain
The wonders of his sov'reign grace
Towards the sons of men !
- 2 He shews us first how foul
Our nature's made by sin ;
Then teaches the believing soul
The way to make it clean.
- 3 Our baptism first declares
What need we've all to cleanse ;
Then shews that Christ to all God's
Can purity dispense.
- 4 Water the body laves ;
And, if 'tis done by faith,
The blood of Jesus surely saves
The sinful soul from death.
- 5 Water no man denies :
But, brethren, rest not there ;
'Tis faith in Christ that justifies,
And makes the conscience clear.
- 6 Baptiz'd into his death,
We rise to life divine.
The Holy Spirit works the faith,
And water is the sign.

- 1 **BURIED** in baptism with our Lord
We rise with him to life restor'd
Not the bare life in Adam lost,
But richer far—for more it cost

Water can cleanse the flesh, we own ;
 but Christ well knows, and Christ alone,
 How dear to him our cleansing stood,
 Baptiz'd with fire, and bath'd in blood,

His was a baptism deep indeed,
 O'er feet and body, hands and head,
 He in his body purg'd our sin ;
 A little water makes us clean,

Not but we taste his bitter cup ;
 But only he could drink it up.
 To burn for us was his desire ;
 And he baptizes us with fire.

This fire will not consume, but melt ;
 How soft, compar'd with that he felt !
 Thus cleans'd from filth, and purg'd from dross,
 Baptized Christians, bear the cross,

77

At recommending a Minister.

HOLY Ghost, inspire our praises,
 Touch our hearts, and tune our tongues,
 While we laud the name of Jesus,
 Heav'n will gladly share our songs.
 Hosts of angels, bright and glorious,
 While we hymn our common King,
 Will be proud to join the chorus ;
 And the Lord himself shall sing,
 Raise we then our cheerful voices
 To our God, who, full of grace,
 our happiness rejoices,
 And delights to hear us praise.

- Whose lives upon his promise
 Eats his flesh and drinks his blood.
 All that's past, and all to come, is
 For that soul's eternal good.
- 3 Happy soul, that hears and follows
 Jesus speaking in his word !
 Paul, and Cephas, and Apollos,
 All are his in Christ the Lord.
 Ev'ry state, howe'er distressing,
 Shall be profit in the end ;
 Ev'ry ordinance a blessing,
 Ev'ry providence a friend.
- 4 Christian dost thou want a teacher,
 Helper, counsellor, or guide ?
 Wouldst thou find a proper preacher?
 Ask thy God, and he'll provide.
 Build on no man's parts or merit,
 But behold the gospel-plan ;
 Jesus sends his holy Spirit,
 And the Spirit sends the man.
- 5 Bless, dear Lord, each lab'ring servan
 Bless the work they undertake :
 Make them able, faithful, fervent ;
 Bless them for thy church's sake.
 All things for our good are giv'n ;
 Comforts, crosses, staffs, or rods.
 All is ours in earth and heav'n :
 We are Christ's, and Christ is God'

78

At Dismission. 5 Hymns.

- 1 **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lo
 Help us to feed upon thy word.
 All that has been amiss forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.

Tho' we are guilty, thou art good ;
 Wash all our works in Jesu's blood.
 Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

79

ONCE more, before we part,
 We'll bless the Saviour's name.
 Record his mercies ev'ry heart ;
 Sing ev'ry tongue, the same.

Hoard up his sacred word,
 And feed thereon and grow ;
 Go on to seek to know the Lord,
 And practice what you know.

80

LORD, help us on thy word to feed,
 In peace dismiss us hence,
 Be thou in ev'ry time of need,
 Our refuge and defence.

We now desire to bless thy name ;
 And in our hearts record,
 And with our thankful tongues proclaim,
 The goodness of the Lord.

81

GUARDIAN of thy helpless sheep,
 Jesus, Almighty Lord,
 Help our heedful hearts to keep
 The treasure of thy word.
 not Satan steal what's sown ;
 bid it bring forth precious fruit.

Thou canst soften hearts of stone,
And make thy word take root.

82

FATHER, ere we hence depart
Send thy good Spirit down,
To reside in ev'ry heart,
And bless the seed that's sown,
Fountain of eternal love,
Thou freely gav'st thy Son to die :
Send thy Spirit from above,
To quicken and apply.

DOXOLOGIES.

1

O PRAISE the Lord, ye heav'nly host;
The same on earth be done.
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The great, the good Three-One.

2

TO the great Godhead, Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit Three in One,
Be glory, praise, and honour, giv'n
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

3

WITH all the heav'nly host
Let Christians join to laud
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our Saviour and our God.

glory to God,
 children of men,
 hither abroad
 and again
 to glorious merit,
 Father's free grace,
 of the Spirit,
 man's lost race.

5

Praise to th' Eternal be,
 One in One, and One in Three;
 pitied sinners lost,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

6

Praise of men, your voices raise,
 to sing th' eternal Father's praise,
 glorify the Son;
 glory to the Holy Ghost,
 with all th' angelic host
 to praise the great Three-One.

7

Praise thy name, almighty Lord,
 Father of all grace:
 thy name, incarnate Word,
 thou sav'dst a sinful race:
 thy name, blest Spirit of truth,
 our salvation seal:
 O heart, uncloseth the mouth,
 glorify the will

APPENDIX.

Chastisement. 3 Hymns.

1

- 1 **H**APPY the man that bears the stroke
Of his chastising God ;
Nor stubbornly rejects his yoke,
Nor faints beneath his rod.
- 2 They who the Lord's corrections share
Find favour in his eyes ;
As kindest fathers will not spare
Their children to chastise.
- 3 Thy Lord for nothing would not chide ;
Thou highly shouldst esteem
The cross that's sent to purge thy pride ;
And make thee more like him.
- 4 For his correction render praise,
'Tis giv'n thee for thy good.
The lash is steep'd he on thee lays,
And soften'd in his blood.
- 5 Know, whom the Saviour favours much,
Their faults he oft reproves ;
He takes peculiar care of such,
And chastens whom he loves.
- 6 Then kiss the rod, thy sins confess ;
It shall a blessing prove ;
And yield the fruits of righteousness
Humility and love.

2

- 1 **G**OLD in the furnace try'd
Ne'er loses ought but dross :
So is the Christian purify'd
And better'd by the cross.

Afflictions make us see
 (What else would 'scape our sight)
 How very foul and dim are we,
 And God how pure and bright.
 The punish'd child repents ;
 The parent's bowels move ;
 Th' offended father soon relents,
 And turns with double love.
 If God rebuke for pride,
 He'll humble thy proud heart ;
 If for thy want of love he chide,
 That love he will impart.
 He shall by means like these
 Thy stubborn temper break ;
 Soften thy heart by due degrees,
 And make thy spirit meek.
 His chast'ning therefore prize,
 The privilege of a saint ;
 Their hearts are hard who that despise,
 And theirs too weak who faint.

3

TO thee, my God, I make my plaint ;
 To thee my trembling soul draws near :
 Let not thy chast'ning make me faint.
 Nor guilt o'erwhelm me with despair.
 What tho' thou frown to try my faith ?
 What tho' thy heavy hand afflict ?
 Thou wilt not give me up to death,
 Nor enter into judgment strict
 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
 Thy rod commands me to repent.
 If with my sin compar'd, 'tis light,
 And all in faithfulness is sent.

- 4 What would my blood avail, if spilt ?
 Thou hast in richer blood been paid,
 When all my dreadful debt of guilt
 Was on my dying Saviour laid.
- 5 Then help me by thy grace to bear
 Whate'er thou sendst to purge my dross
 If in his crown I hope to share,
 Why should I grudge to bear his cross
- 6 Tho' thou severely with me deal,
 Still will I in thy mercy trust,
 Accomplish in me all thy will;
 Only remember I am dust.

4

Praying for Fruitfulness. 2 Hymns.

- 1 **L**ORD, if with thee part I bear;
 If I thro' thy word am clean;
 In thy mercy if I share;
 If thy blood has purg'd my sin;
 To my needy soul impart
 Thy good Spirit from above,
 To enrich my barren heart
 With humility and love.
- 2 Lord, my heart, a desert vast,
 Thy manuring hand requires.
 Sin has laid my vineyard waste,
 Overgrown with weeds and briars,
 Thou canst make this desert gloom.
 Breathe, O breathe, celestial Dove,
 Till it blow with rich perfume
 Of humility and love.
- 3 Vanquish in me lust and pride;
 All my stubbornness subdue.
 Smile me into fruit—or chide,
 If no milder means will do.

passionate my case ;
 poor thy pity move.
 of thy boundless grace,
 humility and love.

Would one that bears thy name,
 could thy adopted child,
 expos'd to shame,
 savage fierce and wild ?
 children I would sit,
 like an alien rove :
 soul, and make it fit,
 humility and love.

sinners, greatly spar'd,
 rich, and themselves debase.
 paradox too hard ;
 mercy, poor of grace !
 hast forgiven much ;
 thy sins too plainly prove)
 that thou givest such,
 humility and love.

5

to thee I make my moan ;
 woe-tale I tell to thee ;
 wantst help, and thou alone,
 as lump of sin like me.
 Had I find increase of faith ;
 could I see fresh graces bloom.
 My heart's a barren heath,
 with cold, and black with gloom.
 Thou hast kindly giv'n me light.
 what Christians ought to be.
 O blind receive their sight

- 4 Tho' winter waste the earth a while,
 Spring soon revives the verdant meads
 The rip'ning fields in summer smile,
 And autumn with rich crops succeeds.
- 5 But I from month to month complain.
 I feel no warmth ; no fruits I see.
 I look for life, but dead remain ;
 'Tis winter all the year with me.
- 6 Yet sin's rank weeds within me live ;
 Barrenness is not all I bear :
 I do not so for nothing grieve ;
 Alas ! there's worse than nothing there.
- 7 Still on thy promise I'll rely,
 From whom alone my fruit is found,
 Until the Spirit from on high
 Enrich the dry and barren ground.

6.

The brazen Serpent. Numb. xxi.

- 1 **W**HEN the chosen tribes debated
 'Gainst their God, as hardly treated
 And complain'd their hopes were spilt,
 God for murm'ring did requite them,
 Fiery serpents sent to bite them :
 Lively type of deadly guilt !
- 2 Stung by these, they soon repented ;
 And their God, as soon relented.
 Moses pray'd : he answer gave ;
 " Serpents are the beasts that strike the
 " Make of brass a serpent like them—
 " That's the way I chuse to save."
- 3 Vain was bandage, oil, or plaister ;
 Rankling venom kill'd the faster ;
 Till the serpent Moses took,

it high, that all might view it;
 bitten look up to it;
 attended ev'ry look.
 thus for sinners smitten,
 led, bruised, serpent-bitten,
 his cross directs their faith.
 should I then poison cherish?
 despair of cure, and perish?
 O, my soul, tho' stung to death.
 O (alas!) a lost condition;
 cannot work thee remission,
 thy goodness do thee good.
 O within thee, all about thee;
 O remedy's without thee;
 O it in thy Saviour's blood.
 O Lord of glory dying!
 O in gasping! Hear him crying!
 his burden'd bosom heave!
 O ye sinners, ye that hung him;
 how deep your sins have stung him!
 O ye sinners, look and live.

7

The relative Duties.

CHRISTIANS, in your sev'ral stations,
 useful to all relations,
 O be to each his proper due.
 O to their unkind behaviour
 you disobey your Saviour;
 O command's the rule for you.
 O ye, be to children tender.
 O ye, full obedience render
 your parents in the Lord.
 O slight nor disrespect them;
 O ye, reject them;
 O ye, reject them;

- 3 Wives, to husbands yield subjection.
Husbands, with a kind affection,
Cherish as yourselves your wives.
Masters, rule with moderation,
Sway'd by justice, not by passion :
To the Scriptures square your lives.
- 4 Servants, serve your masters truly,
Not unfaithful, not unruly,
To the good—nor to the bad ;
Not refusing what you're bidden,
Not replying when you're chidden :
'Tis the ordinance of God.
- 6 This shall solve th' important question,
Whether thou'rt a real Christian,
Better than each golden dream ;
Better far than lip-expression,
Tow'ring notions, great profession :
This shall shew your love to him.

8.

The Scriptures.

- 1 **S**AY Christian, would'st thou thrive
In knowledge of thy Lord ?
Against no scripture ever strive,
But tremble at his word.
- 2 Revere the sacred page :
To injure any part
Betrays, with blind and feeble rage,
A hard and haughty heart.
- 3 If ought there dark appear,
Bewail thy want of sight ;
No imperfection can be there,
For all God's words are right.
- 4 The Scriptures and the Lord
Bear one tremendous name :

re written and Incarnate Word
In all things are the same.

For Jesus is the truth,
As well as life and way.
The two-edg'd sword that's in his mouth
Shall all proud reas'ners slay.

Why dost thou call him Lord,
And what he says resist ?
The soul that stumbles at the word
Offended is at Christ.

The thoughts of men are lies.
The word of God is true :
To bow to that is to be wise ;
Then hear, and fear, and do.

9

For the word of exhortation. Heb. xiii. 22.

TAKE heed, ye Christians, how ye hear ;

Pay ev'ry truth respect.
The word of exhortation bear ;
Nor treat with cold neglect.
Despise not those that would you warn.

Remember, this is true :
He that his duty will not learn,
His duty will not do.

Who slights, in any part, God's word,
Shews a too haughty look.

The slothful soul will not be stirr'd,
Nor scorers hear rebuke.

Better's a babe that would be wise
Than those who mind high things ;
Whose long profession scorns advice,
Those old and foolish kings.

- 6 Lord, let me not, by pride entic'd,
 Thy precepts count a load ;
 Help me to keep the faith of Christ,
 And the commands of God.

10

Treasure in Heaven. 2 Hymns.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER, man, thy birth ;
 Set not on gold thy heart.
 Naked thou cam'st upon the earth,
 And naked must depart.
- 2 This world's vain wealth despise ;
 Happiness is not here.
 To Jesus lift thy longing eyes,
 And seek thy treasure there.
- 3 Be wise to run thy race,
 And cast off ev'ry load.
 Strive to be rich in works of grace :
 Be rich towards thy God.
- 4 The poor may thus be rich,
 Their means however small.
 When rich men once gave very much,
 Two mites exceeded all.
- 5 If profit be thy scope,
 Diffuse thy alms about :
 The worldling prospers laying up,
 The Christian laying out.
- 6 Returns will not be scant,
 With honour in the high'st ;
 For who relieves his brethren's want,
 Bestows his alms on Christ.
- 7 Give gladly to the poor ;
 'Tis lending to the Lord :

ecret so increase thy store,
 nd hide in heav'n the hoard.
 here thou may'st fear no thief,
 o rankling rust nor moth;
 treasure and thy heart are safe:
 here one is will be both.

11

JKEWARM souls, the foe grows stronger;
 See what hosts your camp surround!
 to battle; lag no longer.
 ark! the silver trumpets sound.
 ce, ye sleepers, wake! What mean you?
 in besets you round about.
 and search. The world's within you.
 lay or chase the traitor out.
 at enchants you; pelf, or pleasure?
 luck right eyes; with right hands part.
 your conscience, Where's your treasure?
 or be certain there's your heart.
 e the fawning foe no credit.
 o! the bloody flag's unfurl'd.
 t base heart (the word has said it)
 ves not God that loves the world.
 and Mammon? O be wiser!
 erve them both? It cannot be.
 e in warfare, saint and miser,
 hese will never well agree.
 n the shame of foully falling,
 umber'd captives, clogg'd with clay.
 ve your faith; make sure your calling;
 'ield the sword, and win the day.
 ard press towards perfection.
 itch and pray, and all things prove.

Seek to know your God's election ;
 Search his everlasting love.
 Dread backsliding ; scorn dissembling ;
 Now salvation's near in view :
 Work it out with fear and trembling ;
 'Tis your God that works in you.

12

Pray without ceasing. 1 Thess. v. 17.

- 1 **P**RAY'R was appointed to convey
 The blessings God designs to give.
 Long as they live, should Christians pray,
 For only while they pray they live.
- 2 The Christian's heart his pray'r indites ;
 He speaks as prompted from within.
 The Spirit his petition writes,
 And Christ receives and gives it in.
- 3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
 When Christ stands waiting for thy pray'r
 My soul, thou hast a friend on high ;
 Arise, and try thy int'rest there.
- 4 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress ;
 If cares distract, or fears dismay ;
 If guilt deject ; if sin distress ;
 The remedy's before thee—Pray.
- 5 'Tis pray'r supports the soul that's weak,
 Tho' thought be broken, language lame.
 Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 6 Depend on him ; thou canst not fail.
 Make all thy wants and wishes known.
 Fear not ; his merits must prevail ;
 Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

The Lord's Prayer.

FATHER of spirits in heav'n and earth,
Higher than all that's high'st,
God of our first and second birth,
Father of Jesus Christ ;

Let all, with rev'ence and with love,
Thy sacred name adore.
Set up thy throne all thrones above,
And reign for evermore.

Help us thy pleasure to fulfil,
As done by heav'nly pow'rs.
Accomplish in us all thy will.
And let that will be ours.

Our souls and bodies feed, we pray,
With food that thou seest best.
We ask our portion for the day,
And leave to thee the rest.

Let mercy pardon all our crimes,
Which justice must condemn.
As some have wrong'd us many times,
And we would pardon them.

Let not temptation us befall,
Temptation from the devil ;
But rescue and defend us all
From ev'ry thing that's evil.

Thine is the kingdom, thine the pow'r,
O'er angels and o'er men ;
The glory too for evermore
Is thine. **AMEN, AMEN.**

The fast Hymn.

- 1 **T**HE mighty God that reigns on high
Inhabiting eternity,
Who makes the heav'n of heav'ns his th
The holy, high, and lofty One,
- 2 Before the splendour of whose rays
The brightest angel veils his face,
While all the host with one accord
Cry, Holy, holy, holy Lord!
- 3 This God (so humble is his love)
Stoops to behold the things above;
But lower still that love can go,
And stoop to visit worms below.
- 4 His royal state aside he laid,
Came down to earth, a man was made,
To make poor men the sons of God,
And pay the debt his brethren ow'd.
- 5 With sinners (condescension great!)
With sinners Jesus deign'd to eat;
And, tempted in the desert vast,
For sinners he vouchsaf'd to fast.
- 6 Hunger and thirst with willing mind
He underwent, nor once repin'd;
Content beneath our load to groan,
And make our woes and wants his own
- 7 Now, Christian, offer pray'rs and praise
Acknowledge him in all thy ways;
Nor alms nor fastings disesteem,
For God accepts them all in him.
- 8 Fear not; thy gracious God in love
Thy pray'rs will hear, thy fasts approve
For what good things can he deny,
Who gave his only son to die?

Christ a Hiding Place.

Isaiah xxxii. 2.

- 1 **H**AIL, sov'reign Love, that first began
 The scheme to rescue fallen man!
 Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
 That gave my soul a hiding place!
- 2 Against the GOD who rules the sky
 I fought, with hand uplifted high;
 Despis'd the mention of his grace,
 Too proud to seek a hiding place.
- 3 Enwrapt in thick Egyptian night,
 And fond of darkness more than light,
 Madly I ran the sinful race,
 Secure without a hiding place.
- 4 But thus th' eternal council ran:
 "Almighty Love, arrest that man!"
 I felt the arrows of distress,
 And found I had no hiding place.
- 5 Indignant Justice stood in view;
 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew:
 But Justice cry'd, with frowning face,
 "This mountain is no hiding place."
- 6 Ere long an heav'nly voice I heard,
 And Mercy's angel form appear'd:
 She led me on, with placid pace,
 To JESUS as my hiding place.
- 7 *Should storms of sevenfold thunder roll,
 And shake the globe from pole to pole,
 No flaming bolt could daunt my face,
 For JESUS is my hiding place.*

- 8 On him almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for the chosen race,
And thus became their hiding place.
- 9 A few more rolling suns, at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast;
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding place!

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THE END.

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